

APPLETONS' JOURNAL.

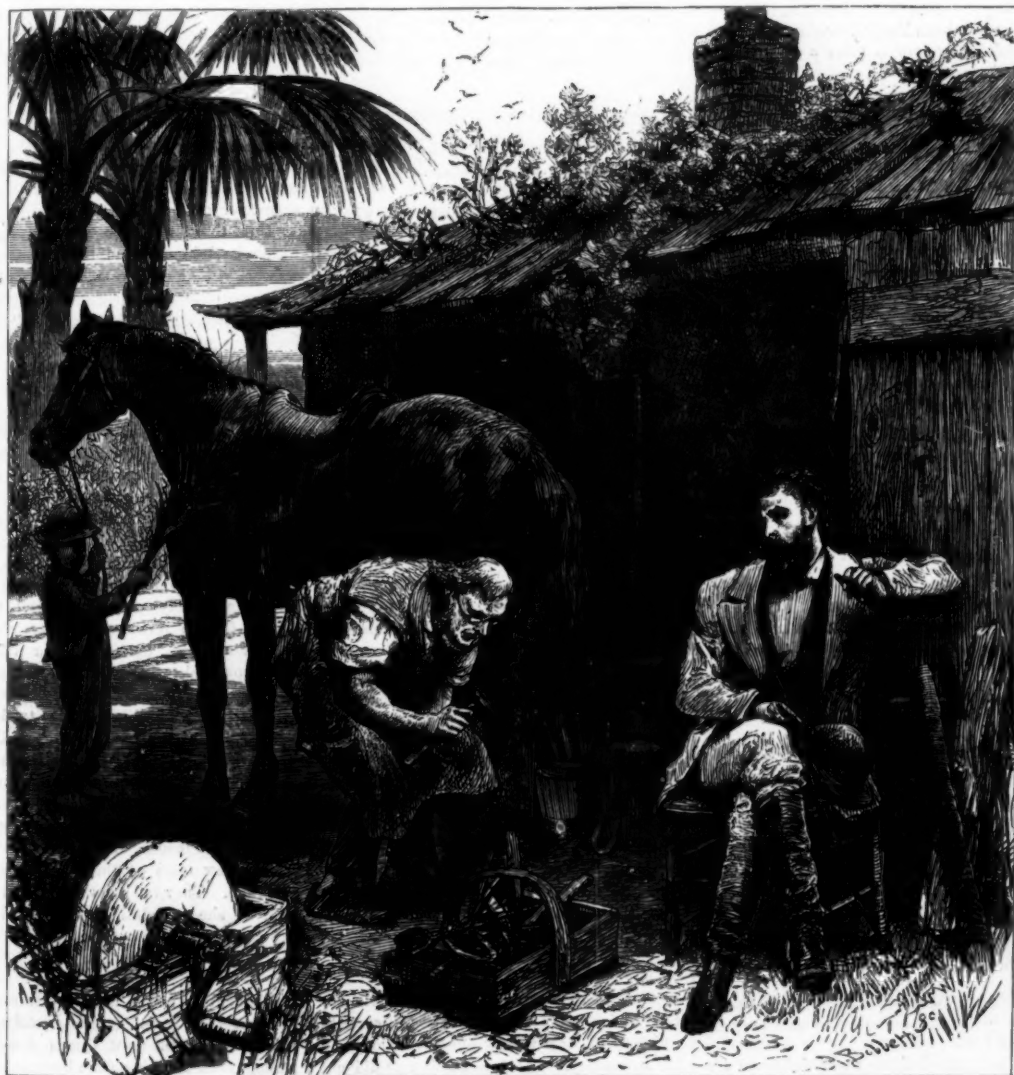
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AT THE SMITHY.

(PICKENS COUNTY, SOUTH CAROLINA, 1874.)



AT THE SMITHY.

SHOE your horse? Well, yes, sir, I reckon I can.
Here, Johnny, come brush off the flies like a man.
Fine scenery! Yes; but, if you were to try
To plough up that hill-side, you'd understand
why

I'm tired of these mountains; the fields, now,
are rare
And smooth about Charleston—perhaps you've
been there!

I am old for my trade! I am just sixty-four;
But some years are long as a lifetime, nay, more;

Ten lifetimes have passed since—but never
mind that.

Here, Joe, bring a chair—take the gentleman's
hat.

And, Susie, my blossom, run quickly and bring
A nice cup of water from grandpa's cold
spring.

Yes, grandchildren; orphans, sir; three little ones;
They are all we have left now, for all our four sons
Are dead; James and Harry, and brave little Gray,
Who, worn out with marching, dropped dead by the way,
With his drum at his back; a mere boy, sir, the pride
Of his mother, who never has smiled since he died.

By the cold Rappahannock our eldest son fell—
They were starving, poor fellows—half naked as well;
But they charged in their rags, and were mown down like grass,
Left dying and dead in the frozen morass.
Have you ever been hungry, sir, day after day?
You don't know how it takes a man's spirit away.

But they charged in their rags! They rushed with a cheer
On the enemy's ranks as they slowly drew near—
The blue-coated Yankees, well clothed and well fed,
Who, wondering, looked at our poor famished dead,
When, the struggle so hopeless, so weak-handed, o'er,
Gaunt, shoeless, and ragged, they lay on the shore.

Into the Wilderness, Harry and James—
They never came out. We saw their two names
Reported as "missing;" and Harry's young wife
Just pined away—pined away—out of this life.
Then we rode to join Lee, old horse Dobbin and I—
As his four boys had died, so the father could die!

The thin ranks were swelled by old men with gray hair,
And boys under age—those last days of despair
Had drained from the South every man, and the farms
And the fields were unploughed save by women's weak arms.
How we marched on our rag-covered, frozen old feet!
How the poor lads paraded, with nothing to eat!

I don't know what makes me run on in this way—
There—the shoe is quite fast, sir—I bid you good-day.
A quarter? Yes; thank you. That road to your right—
Five Forks, did you say? Was I in that fight?
I was; and this bony hand fired the last gun
Of our last haggard rally ere victory was won

By Sheridan's men, full of beef and hard-tack,
With miles of fat wagon-trains safe at their back;
While the ragged Confederate tightened his belt
To hold in the sickening hunger he felt.
Then came Appomattox, the contest was done,
The long struggle over, you Yankees had won!

And is not peace better? you ask. Can I tell?
My thoughts are away where my four strong boys fell.
To argue the question I never was good—
Carolina went out, and we all understood

We must go with our State—and I can't make it plain
To my mind that my four boys have died all in vain.

Perhaps you are right—you talk like a book—I'm old and tired out, and so I can't look away back to "principles;" all I can do is plough up that hill-side and set a horseshoe, To feed those poor children; but sometimes I dream

Of the old days in Charleston—how far off they seem!
Oh! proud was old Charleston, down there by the sea—
And bright were those days; but they're over for me
Forever. Yes—Time; but he never can give My boys, who had only their one life to live.
I don't understand, and it's no use to try;
But the Lord understands, and He'll tell me why

Some day when, at last, my four lost boys will come
To call their old father, and carry him home.—
There's a horse wants a shoe—yes, they're turning this way;
It's Judge Brown, of this district. (Eh, what's that you say?
He's colored! Of course; we're used to that here.)
Let me hold your horse, judge. Run, Joe, bring a chair.

CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

AUNT PENURIOUS.

"THERE goes Aunt Penurious," said a blithesome girl, as an elderly, faded figure crept down the main street of Cranberry Centre.

"I don't like to hear you call her by that name," said Dr. Scott, who was at once, in his capacity of physician and father confessor, loved and feared in Cranberry.

Dr. Scott knew everybody's secrets and everybody's history.

Alas! we had no opera-house in Cranberry; no healthy amusement took our active minds off that most perilous of all studies—each other's weaknesses!

There was that perpetual opera going on, made up of the discords of poor human nature, varied here and there by a noble strain, but the life was too monotonous, too introspective. That unhealthy dearth of amusement which has made so many morbid, queer, half-crazed persons in the highly-rarefied air of the Northern States, prevailed in Cranberry, and gave "Aunt Penurious" a lamentable prominence.

For she was our sample miser.

Not that we were any of us very rich or very lavish. We had no superfluities with which to contrast vividly Aunt Penurious and her economies. The bread-fruit tree did not grow in Cranberry, nor did we lie in its shadow metaphorically to let ready-made hot cakes drop into our mouths. Perhaps we lost the corresponding tropical grace which would have accompanied such a transaction. We were the true descendants of the five kernels of corn, and knew what it was to crack open a piece of granite, which we called soil (in the hope of propitiating our stern divinities), and

to put in a hard-fisted grain that, in its turn, must await the benign influence of a climate which was nine months winter, and the rest of the year pretty cold. We turned our old dresses, and had our Leghorn bonnets "pressed over," until the poor Italian straws must have deemed themselves back in sunny Italy, if heat could reassure the exiles; but still we were not misers all, and poor Miss Penelope was one.

It was bred in her bone. Her father, old Peter Masterton, had been the proverbial Midas of Cranberry, and then its vampire. He grew rich on the blood of other men. He began, by the generous and manly work of a blacksmith, to honestly pound his daily bread out of iron, when, in some mysterious manner, he grew rich. Perhaps he found the philosopher's stone in the luck-bringing horseshoe; at any rate, he grew rich. Then he bought every man's farm and every poor man's house, at a ruinous sacrifice to them; then he invested well, starved himself and his family, trod lightly on the flinty soil lest he should wear out his shoes, and became the village scarecrow as to clothes.

But there was one yielding substance which he did not tread lightly on, and that was his wife's heart. He had married a lady, by some miserable mistake of Fortune, and she was at once his pride and his victim. She had born one little girl, to Peter's infinite disgust, and no son. Penelope was ten years old when Peter bought the great house, moved his family into it, and, as if the Fates loved their obsequious servitor, Mrs. Masterton soon after presented Peter with a son, and herself quietly died. Verdict of the jury, said the village wit, "Froze to death."

So, in the melancholy spaciousness of a grand old room, with a picture of a gallant of Queen Anne's time looking down on her, sat poor little beak-faced Penelope, her nose and chin already approaching each other as if the forlorn features felt that they each needed a friend, holding in her little lap a baby boy, and trying to keep the life in him by such scanty fire as the miser allowed.

Her mother had been carried to the graveyard the day before, and, although Penelope was a regular dry little New-England girl, with the ingrained thrift, activity, and industry of the Yankee character, which is ready to face responsibility as soon as the pap-spoon is out of the mouth, even she could not keep back a few tears at the forlornness of her situation. They fell on the baby's forehead, and, as she wiped them off with her lean brown hand, the great love was born in her heart for this brother, the grand passion of her life. She brushed them out of her eyes, and looked up at the picture. It seemed to her that the gay and gracious gentleman, the kind-hearted gallant of Queen Anne's time, smiled down upon her from between his love-locks.

For Peter Masterton had bought the great house, our Cranberry-Centre attraction, and single point of romance and luxury. The old story of the heir of Linn goes on forever: the miser succeeds the spendthrift, the spendthrift the miser. Peter had had the great good luck to succeed two spendthrifts, for what should we have done for legends in Cranberry

had it not been for Gentleman Gregory and for Captain Nickerson? Gentleman Gregory had been our colonial aristocrat. The Scheherazades of Cranberry are fond of telling that he came over with pockets full of British gold in ante-Revolutionary times. There was a delightful *arrière pensée* of what *might* have been his crimes, that he should have come at all, for decent people are glad enough to stay at home. It is only your naughty boy who runs away. However, we only knew of Gentleman Gregory that he built "a fair brick house" in Cranberry—importing his bricks from England, his Dutch tiles from Holland; bringing artists, even in that early day, to tint his delicate ceilings, hang his halls with tapestry and pictures, and to plan his stately gardens, to train the forest-trees into an avenue, and smooth the reluctant mould from which the groaning stumps had been extracted into a faint imitation of an English lawn. There, to this day, stands his house to praise him; denuded and shorn of many of its attractions, it still breathes of the elegance of that country which he had left behind him, perhaps for that country's good.

High over the fireplace, fixed in the wall, and surrounded by carved wood-work, was placed Gentleman Gregory's portrait, painted evidently in his salad days. I dare say he did not look so fine in that later, seedy time, when the canary and claret, which he carefully imported, had risen into his high aristocratic nose; but he must have been a beautiful fellow once, in his velvet coat, knee-breeches, lace ruffles, and love-locks. How gracefully and naturally his strong, manly, well-shaped white hand rested on his sword! That picture hung there over a hundred years, to be an art-education to the half-starved idealists of Cranberry Centre, in those hard, prosaic years which followed the colonial days—those lovers of art and luxury, who sighed for they knew not what, until, perhaps in the third or fourth generation, they went back to England, and found they had been longing for grandfather's house. There is an hereditary homesickness in many an American heart, which is falsely called unpatriotic snobbishness.

Gentleman Gregory's impoverished descendants were obliged to sell their lordly mansion, and a purchaser was found in the person of an ancient mariner named Nickerson.

The deeds of Gentleman Gregory became lost in the mists of antiquity, but those of Captain Nickerson flourished with perennial vivacity.

He was so long-lived, and so wicked, and so original, that the children of each generation took him up afresh. We learn from the early Latin poets, not to speak of the added inspiration of our Western members of Congress, that the knowledge of the sea possessed by a rural people savors sometimes of inaccuracy. Therefore it was not astonishing if the historians of Cranberry Centre came to confound the naval and mercantile services, and put Captain Nickerson in both. He might have been alternately Paul Jones, Captain Kidd, Brave Dacres, who came on board to deliver up his sword, or he who received it. He might have been Perry, Macdonough, or Nelson himself, if half the stories were true which were told of his prowess.

A hundred piratical and warlike achievements were fought out under his banners, and, as no one could possibly bring any data to bear on his marine past, it constantly

"... suffered a sea change
Into something rich and strange,"

according to the talents of the *raconteur*. But when Captain Nick, as he got to be called, came to Cranberry to live, he was entirely indifferent to public opinion, and his daily life and conversation were not godly; he kept a motley crew inside his house, and two big black Newfoundland dogs outside of it, who were trained to bark at every man who wore a white necktie and a black coat.

Thus baffled in their approaches toward his conversion, the clergy took the captain for a frequent text, and preached some sermons to which Dante's "Inferno" was nowhere; but, as the captain never went to church, it is presumed that his feelings were not much harrowed up by these rousing intellectual efforts.

The sternest Calvinist in town, however, was sorry in his inmost heart when Captain Nickerson died, for, although there was every reason to hope and to believe that he had gone to the deepest, darkest, most interminable perdition, still there was a great present excitement gone. Perdition was, after all, only a hope and a belief, but the captain, driving about the streets, drinking, swearing, keeping bad company, and telling lies of enormous magnitude, was a dear, delicious, scandalous reality, and as such a great loss to a good neighborhood.

But old Nick died speechless in a drunken bout one night, and left no descendants and no money. His house was sold to pay his debts, and Peter Masterton bought it for a song—Peter's only song was "Sing a song o' sixpence"—and the village wondered at his usual luck. The village, however, firmly believed that Peter had also bought untold gold with the house, for Captain Nickerson, in his *role* of Captain Kidd, was suspected of having buried his blood-stained coins somewhere on those premises.

Perhaps Peter thought so, too. He was always scraping round in his garden and orchard, uneasily pretending that he was "goin' a-fishin'", and wanted worms for bait, though any such innocent amusement was unknown to Peter; he only fished for gudgeons, and caught them, too.

He was a queer successor to the roistering captain and to Gentleman Gregory—far enough from either of them. In putting his poor effects into the gorgeous rooms of Gentleman Gregory, and in living in them himself, he perhaps offered one of the most powerful arguments against a republican form of government which could have been urged by the most pestilent aristocrat. However, Gentleman Gregory, from his picture-frame, looked smilingly down with the disdain of good breeding on what went on beneath him, and seemed, after all, to be the real master of the house and of the situation.

"Penny," said old Peter one day—"Penny" (and he loved the sound of that word), "I guess you'd better hev' some schoolin'; you've took good care of your brother, and I

guess I'll giv' you some advantages. There's Callisty Bangs—I hear she's a good worker, and don't eat much. I'll git her to come here a spell and help, and you shall have a year or so at Miss Chandler's. She owes me money, and I'm afraid she ain't a goin' to be able to pay it, so I'll jest git some of it out of her in your schoolin'. The deestric school ain't well kep' this winter," said Peter, trying to excuse himself to himself for the unwonted extravagance he was indulging in, "and the squire's daughters and the minister's, they go to Miss Chandler's, and if I ain't able to buy 'em both out I don't know, so I guess you may jest git out some of your ma's old gowns, and walk over to Miss Chandler's to-morrow."

Alas, poor Penny! in her ma's old gowns! Less well clad than the snow-birds which hopped before her, the little girl walked mournfully and tremblingly toward Mrs. Chandler's finishing institute for young ladies.

Mrs. Chandler, a minister's widow, received her kindly, although her cultivated composure nearly broke down at the sight of the weird, neglected figure before her. But the girls had no such mercy. Oh, the remorseless cruelty of youth! Who does not remember being laughed at in childhood as one of the most poignant stabs of that outrageous Fortune who keeps on stabbing us all through life, only that repeated scars finally make us callous? Penny bore their jeers with suppressed heart-break, but it aroused in her a love of dress, which was in after-life her Nemesis. She, in the language of Cranberry, "hankered after good clothes, but didn't want to pay for them."

There are no ravens now to bring food and clothing to female prophets. "Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy," is engraved on every woman's signet. There is a raven named Worth who will send you fine garments; but oh, with what a long bill that raven comes and pecks at you afterward! Those who indulge in his silks and satins are apt to wear sackcloth and ashes later.

However, Penny, with a woman's instinct, improved her appearance, and got all the education she could for her money. Her brother Southgate, named for his mother's family, grew up, a beautiful, fair-haired, blue-eyed creature, gentle, lovable, and refined. He had come, on his mother's side, from that best graft of our Northern tree, that which produced the scholars, the poets, the idealists. His muscle and working powers were in his brains, and, after distancing all the boys at the "deestric" school and the academy, he asked his father to let him go to college.

Then Peter began to hate him. He wanted his son to do as *he* had done, he said, pound iron, plough the soil, drive the team a-field, wear poor clothes, collect debts, grind, work, starve, grow sordid, as he had done—this was the amiable future Peter designed for his son. So, by putting a full-blooded racer before a cart, Peter spoiled his racer and got his cart broken. There was no refuge for the blighted scholar. Black Calvinism on the one side, secret dissipation on the other, these were his alternatives. Of course he chose the latter. He was not the strongest of characters

—we are very few of us that—yet, had he been left to grow his natural way, he would have done well enough; but the very hand which should have trained his pliant and redundant nature gave it a fatally wrong twist, and committed an unpardonable sin.

Southgate had one friend besides his dear Penelope (who had always been fighting for him with her father that losing game which Love plays with Avarice), and that other friend was Amasa Bromelton.

Amasa was one of those New-Englanders, few in numbers, I trust, who have vastly more brains than conscience. He had ground up his youthful wits on a granite ridge called his father's farm, where the family had starved for forty years, and had decided that the four acres were destined to be very unproductive. He thought he would try the four acres instead, as a smoother road to opulence and wealth. He accordingly selected the Mississippi River, whose waters are said to predispose the human race to games of chance, and of which the Yankee patriot once remarked that "you could stir the whole of England into them without making them a bit muddier." Amasa found them muddy enough, no doubt, and he left them quite as muddy as he found them. Unfortunately, he dragged off the fair-haired Northern youth, and threw his better material into its crime and slime.

The young men of Cranberry Centre, and, I am afraid, some of the older ones too, found Amasa an unfailing attraction when, following that undying instinct of all wanderers, he occasionally came back to his native heath. He was Forbidden Sin in fashionable clothes, with news of the outer world, with good manners, and a fascinating liberality. He was wrong, too, which was a grand attraction. In the pulpit of the Third Congregational Meeting-House, Amasa would have been innocuous; but in the back-parlor of Mr. Judkin's Hotel, with a pile of money, and a pack of cards, he was irresistible.

He came home once, paid off the mortgages on the old place, gave his mother a handsome sum of money, played some excellent games on the sly with the judge, and the governor, and the squire; disappeared, and Southgate disappeared with him.

Poor Penelope! her heart broke from that moment. She lived on her life of duty, but she had no more youth. This boy had been her one passion, her pride, her love. She resigned herself to that poor and forlorn life which her father preferred, and began with him to save money.

Nothing was heard of Southgate for two or three years. At length Amasa came back, and brought the news of his death, and some few particulars.

Southgate had had great good luck. He had married an heiress, and had retired to a sugar-plantation; there he had lived very comfortably, and a son had been born unto him. After Southgate vanished into respectability, it was evident that Amasa had not been very intimate with him; but, when the poor boy was dying, he had sent for him, and gave him some messages for his father and sister.

These Miss Penelope and her father both refused to receive from such a source. They

regarded Amasa as an unclean thing, and as their great enemy. No wonder!

But Amasa had communicated the fact that Mrs. Southgate Masterton had not remained a widow long. She had married a Frenchman in less than a year after poor Southgate's death, and had gone off with him and her young son to France.

"She is a high one, I guess," said Amasa, "and the young one's delicate. Never heard any more of them."

After this news came back to Cranberry, they say that old Peter began to die. He was a long time about it, and cheated Death as if he had been a creditor. He grew weak and tremulous, sleepless and nervous. But, for the first time in his life, he began to keep good company; his dead wife and son came back to visit him, pale and shadowy and dreaded guests; the colonial aristocrat stepped down from his frame and followed Peter about. Whenever he awoke from his troubled sleep, there stood Gentleman Gregory, the only ill-bred thing recorded of him!

Now, Peter was a shrewd old fellow, and knew that all these ghosts were of his own creating. He felt that his brain was wrong, and he knew that his heart always had been. His wife and Southey, they grew naturally enough out of his sins; he was good Calvinist enough to accept them as a partial expiation; but Gentleman Gregory was merely a spectrum of the portrait, at which he had gazed for so many years; and, getting very tired and a good deal frightened at him, he determined to knock him out of his frame and burn him. "Good old Spanish mahogany," said Peter, with the joy of possessorship, as, after piling Ossa on Pelion, he had reached a height sufficient to accomplish his object—"good old Spanish mahogany frame this," surveying the carved wood.

Gentleman Gregory smiled aggravatingly. Peter threw back his arm to strike the fatal blow. But the mental and physical excitement precipitated the mischief which had been so long lurking near his brain, and at that moment paralysis laid its gloomy grip on his right side, and the poor old baffled iconoclast tumbled helplessly and heavily to the floor; the picture was held in mortmain. Gentleman Gregory smiled placidly on, and walked about in an indifferent, airy, handsome manner, as before.

Peter, after a long illness, recovered somewhat from this attack, and crawled around his neglected, spacious, once beautiful garden and grounds, as the spring came on, to meet a new and unexpected ghost. Now, Captain Nickerson had up to this time behaved like a gentleman. He had staid up in the burying-ground where he belonged; but in the twilight hour, the late twilight of a soft June evening, the captain, never a romantic man before, began to appear, with a spade in his hand, digging, digging, here and there, just a little before where Peter was walking—a figure well known to Peter in his youth; a slovenly, short, stoutish man, in unnecessarily wide pantaloons, and a tarpaulin hat, with a desperate scar across the nose and forehead. Peter could see the scar, evidently the result of some piratical experience; it seemed to him to have grown deeper and more sinister

in its effect, as sometimes the shade threw a frightful glance over his shoulder, and beckoned Peter to follow him.

Now, if the captain had only come at night, with a mug of hot flip, for which Peter would not have been obliged to pay, he would have been rather cheerful company; but, coming in this way, he was dreadful. Peter, cursed with a craze for buried gold, followed this phantom as long as his strength held out. His neighbors, with that delicate regard for one's feelings which was a characteristic of the early Cranberrian, would call out to him: "Hey, Mr. Masterton, digging your grave, hey? Hain't found none of the old captain's money yet, hey? Better dig round them turnips of yours; and your potatoes need it, too!"

But Peter heeded them not; the things of this world were fading away, and, except for the love of money, he was becoming the most spiritually-minded man in Cranberry; indifferent to turnips and potatoes. The second attack came on, and confined him to his chair. His will was still strong and unparalyzed; his faithful Penelope watched and comforted him day and night. It was his fancy to sit in the great parlor, under the hated picture; and there Penelope brought her couch, and snatched such uncomfortable slumbers as her father's requirements allowed her by his side. She was aroused from a fugitive nap, at midnight, on one occasion, by her father's voice: "Come, Penny, come quick! here's old Nickerson pointing to the picture, and Gentleman Gregory he's a-laugh-in'; and here's your ma, and poor Southgate, too. I guess I ain't a-goin' to last long, Penny."

Was it a vision? or did Penelope see, as she rubbed her poor eyes, the figure of the queer old captain standing by her father's side, and pointing to the picture? To her dying day she thought she did, but it would have been strange if, with broken rest, and as the constant companion of a dream-ridden old man, she had not seen a few visions now and then.

She only reached her father to see that he was dying.

"I'm coming, wife—coming, Southgate—coming, wife—wife!—"

And so, mercifully beckoned by that hand of which he had been so unworthy, old Peter gave up the denuded thing he had called life, and quitted his money-bags and his securities, his mortgages and his real estate, for a world in which, according to the village opinion, he had but little invested, but where he would have rather a long account to settle.

Not long after Peter Masterton's death, Amasa Bromelton, the gambler, came home to die. The Mississippi River was not so healthy as Cranberry Centre, after all.

"It hain't paid, Dr. Scott, after all," said Amasa. "I wish I'd staid to home, and jest ploughed the old farm, although I hev' paid off them morgiges, and made the old folks comfortable. I've done wrong, and I'm sorry now it's too late. Doctor, I've allers felt bad about Southgate Masterton; he wasn't a bad boy, though weak, and the old man he treated him awful. I'd oughter a known better than

to a-taken him off. He died respectable, that's one comfort, and I expect there's a boy of his somewhere in France. That wife o' his, she was mighty-tighty, I guess. But never mind her. You'll find a letter in this old pocket-book that Southgate he gave to me to hand to his sister. Oncet I tried, but she drove me off. 'You git out of my sight, Amasa Bromelon,' sez she, 'and don't you never speak of my brother again to me,' sez she. So I got kinder mad, and I never sent her the letter. And, doctor," said Amasa, after a pause to get his breath, for he was dying of consumption, "there's a few hundreds in that pocket-book which I wish you'd spend for some of those poor folks as you tend, and ask 'em to say a prayer for me. I allers liked to go into the cathedral there to New Orleans, and hear 'em pray for the souls of the dead. We should consider that dreadful superstitious here to Cranberry, but I guess some of us'll need prayin' for, and p'raps we can't do it ourselves. And I should like to be decently buried 'side of my mother, with a good stone at my head, and a verse of poetry on it—somethin' that would jest say I wasn't too bad to be prayed for."

The doctor, good man, was the recipient of many such confidences, and he justified them all. He did not forget poor Amasa's plea for a verse on his head-stone. He knew well that inherent hunger for posthumous charity of judgment which is the last passion to leave us. And he could think of nothing better than the noble closing lines of Gray's "Elegy." But even these did not inspire the grim humorists of Cranberry with the spirit of a reverent silence. They said that Amasa's epitaph should have been: "Here he lies, waiting for the last trump!"

All this was tradition, and we young people of Cranberry looked at the fine old house, and at Miss Penelope's tall figure, and heard the ghost-stories, with something of awe, but always with respect. I think it must have been in those lonely days after her father's death, when she turned to her gold as to a friend, that she gained her unhappy title of Aunt Penurious. As I first remember her, she was fine-looking, with a sort of sombre, aquiline beauty, with an excellent reputation for personal kindheartedness, but still with the mantle of inherited avarice about her. She always had the unspoken respect accorded to her which is given to the possessor of money, whether it is well or ill used. We are more or less human divining-rods all of us, and we know where gold is hidden.

Old Deacon Darwin, always an invalid, and who drove round in the daytime to choose his watchers for the night with that singularly-permitted tyranny which prevails all over New England, declared that Miss Penny was the best nurse in town, so far as hard work and attention went, but that "he shouldn't like to hev' her round when the pennies was put on his eyes." Such facetiousness told in Cranberry, and the old deacon went on exhausting the strength of an entire neighborhood for twenty years longer, valuable for his wit, and for the possession of a somewhat obscure chronic complaint,

which afforded him a delightful topic of conversation.

Cranberry Centre awoke, perhaps, more fully to a realizing sense of Aunt Penurious and her faults in the crucial year 1861 than ever before. There was a great want of money to fit out the soldiers for the war. The town was poor, and Miss Penny the largest capitalist in it. The select-men called and begged. Dr. Scott wisely suggested a certain liberality, and the clergy called and rather hinted that if she didn't give they would not be responsible for the future, but it made no difference to Aunt Penurious. She and her money had lived together a long time, and they were not to be parted now. Mothers could give their sons, and wives their husbands, but Miss Penny could not and would not part with her gold.

She came to the sewing circle to meet but averted faces. She knitted, and worked, and gave her industry freely, but never a dollar.

"Good blue stockings indeed!" said the presidentess of the Sanitary Commission Sewing Circle—"when she could fit out a regiment if she wanted to."

But, then, the presidentess had sent her only son, and she was tired from much packing of boxes—dear, good woman—so forgive her.

The war was nearly over when we heard one day that Miss Penny was very ill.

To the credit of Cranberry, be it spoken, she was not neglected. Callisty Bangs, now in the evening of her days, but still the best cook and nurse in the State, was put in command, and ordered by Dr. Scott to make the most potent beef-tea and the purest wine-whey, and the village paid back Miss Penelope in her own coin of kindness and watchfulness.

She recovered, poor Miss Penelope, just as that woful news came from Washington—woful to North and South—of that one political murder of the war—that tragedy perpetrated at Ford's Theatre on Good Friday. Memorable day, and memorable deed! The poor, infatuated hand which struck the blow wounded North and South alike, and he struck a strange blow on the heart of Miss Penelope. It was like that blow which a greater and better than he once struck upon a rock! The waters of humanity gushed out.

Cranberry was astonished to see the fine old house of Gentleman Gregory handsomely hung with black, and the flag, draped in that sombre setting which first revealed to us what a gem of beauty our flag is, was gracefully floating from Miss Penelope's outer wall!

The doctor called to see her, for this was a new and alarming symptom.

She was weeping, and yet disposed to talk. "Doctor," said she, "he gave every thing, even his life, to this country—that man who said, 'At enmity with none, at peace with all!' and here I have been a selfish old miser, giving nothing. Now I can only hang out a piece of black to show my sorrow! I have been wicked, avaricious, saving my money for I don't know what, doctor. Doctor, tell me how I can show my repent-

ance," and Miss Penny wept the bitter, unaccustomed tears of old age.

That was a fine old motto of the woman-crusade, "God and my opportunity." Dr. Scott, as noble a crusader as ever fought the infidel, felt that the motto was his. Events had fought for him—yes, in a wondrous way.

"Miss Penelope," said he, after calming her excitement, "that great man, whom we weep, will not have died in vain if he open our hearts to repentance, and inspire us to repair our wrong-doing. I hope I shall not be too abrupt if I read to you of an arrival, at the New-York Hotel, in New York, of a Southern officer who bears your name. I received the letter yesterday; it is signed 'Pierre Southgate Masterton.'"

"Oh!" sighed Miss Penelope; "if it should be Southgate's son!"

"It is Southgate's son," said the doctor, "and here is his letter; you shall read it; and here"—taking a yellow paper out of an old pocket-book—"here is a letter to you from your brother, one which poor Amasa Bromelon once attempted to give to you, but which you would not receive."

Poor old yellow piece of paper! written nearly thirty years ago, it spoke more forcibly than words to the starved heart of that repentant woman:

"MY DEAR SISTER: You would forgive me for running away from you could you see me now. I am dying fast. My wife is a pretty young creature, but she does not care much for me. I leave her with one young child, my son, whom I tell her to call after father and myself. Perhaps, in some other world, he and I may understand each other better. My wife and boy are rich, they will not need your help now, but some day, perhaps, my boy may. If he does, will you not forgive me and take him back? I have loved you, Penelope, through it all; don't forget that."

"Penelope, it broke my heart not to be allowed to go to college with the other boys. I knew twice as much as they did, and I wanted an education. I could not work with my hands, but I could always work with my brain. So Amasa, who is not a bad fellow at heart, brought me off here. I hated the life, and, as soon as I could, I left it. My wife knows all about me; I do not think she has cared much, so here I am thinking more of you than anybody. Good-by, Penelope! good-by forever!"

SOUTHGATE."

The wind swept the black draperies round before the window as Miss Penelope read this letter from the dead. The thought crossed her mind that the same wind was waving a black banner from the mountains to the sea, and that she was to receive in her nephew, if he were her nephew, one of those men whom she called her enemies—one of those of whom she had said, "They have killed the President!" But then she remembered how the President had gone, forgivingly, smilingly, helpfully, to that very stronghold of rebellion, with his heart in his hand, the first and truest reconstructionist, the best friend to the South. And then Southgate, her own baby! the boy she had reared—his son! why had she not thought of him before? Somehow it had been borne in on her mind that

the child had died. Alas! was it only that some part of her had died in that great shock of losing Southgate?

Yes, she would receive her nephew worthily. The rock was rent, and Miss Penelope gave forth some of her money. Pierre Southgate Masterton had lost every thing; his mother's fortune had originally been divided between himself and some half-brothers, and his portion had been put in Confederate scrip. He was married, and he, too, had a son named again Southgate. She wrote a letter to the unknown Pierre, and sent him a handsome sum of money. "Come to me," she said, "for your father's sake. Bring your wife and child. I don't know how we shall like each other. I am an old woman, and I have lived alone many years. But there is one word which will reconcile all differences, and that is 'Southgate.'"

Dr. Scott had known a little more than he told of Pierre Southgate Masterton. He knew he had been taken off to France by his rich young mother, who had soon put him under the care of a *pasteur* down in the south of France for his education; that his mother had died, and that he and his half-brothers had come to New Orleans to look after their fortunes just in time for Pierre to marry before the war broke out, and then they were absorbed into the great wave of calamity which that war proved not alone to the South.

All this came to us later. We began our acquaintance with Pierre, by hearing that a Southern officer, in a hated gray coat, had been insulted at the depot; but did not our own Prince, our hero Prince—Prince, of the One Hundred and Forty-fourth—step forward and take the bewildered man by the hand?

"Colonel Masterton, as I'm alive! Why, colonel, don't you remember me—Prince, of the One Hundred and Forty-fourth? Didn't I lay up with a wounded foot at your house in 1863?—and Mrs. Masterton, too! How are you all?—and Southey and Dinah, as I'm alive!—Here, boys, behave yourselves!" (turning to an angry crowd); "don't disgrace yourselves; no jeers at a man when he is with his wife—and a fallen foe, too. Colonel Masterton was a generous enemy!—Come with me, colonel; it will all be right in a moment.—Don't cry, Mrs. Masterton—only a little excitement; no danger."

Prince was one of our Cranberry heroes. He was a brave fellow, with dark complexion and raven curls; and, as his was a common name in Cranberry, we called him the Black Prince; he deserved the title—his accolade had conferred knighthood at once, and Colonel Masterton was safe. Public opinion ran high in Cranberry for months after the President's assassination. We charged all our woes on every gray coat.

Judicial fairness was not to be expected of us. A Southerner meant simply "monster." We could not separate the inevitable horrors of war from an individual, nor one individual from many. Poor Pierre was hardly a Southerner at all, yet we could not look at him without disgust for several days; and, as for the gray coat, Prince told him he must lay it aside, or really he would not promise that

the bruisers of Cranberry would not endeavor to make him wear our national colors of black and blue. That night Gentleman Gregory, with his elegant smile, looked down on the most agitated group that had ever gathered under his carved frame—the beautiful, luxurious, young Southern wife, either frightened or contemptuous; the Southern officer, tall, pale, meagre, suffering keenly in mind, body, and estate; a golden-haired child in Miss Penelope's lap. They would all have gone into hysterics but for this child and old Dinah, the black mamma, who had been brought along as a necessity.

But Dinah, serene, smiling, doing something for everybody, and picturesque in her bright turban, was a delightful negative-pole for all this electricity, and, not having any morbid sensibilities of her own, absorbed those of everybody else, and did very well in the parlor; but oh! the kitchen! Callistly Bangs packed up that night. "She wasn't going to stay to eat with a nigger," she remarked, with emphasis.

Dinah, however, was only too happy to cook, take care of the boy, and dress her little mistress, who, unfortunately for her popularity, had saved her wardrobe, and had brought to Cranberry lace shawls, Paris dresses, rather antiquated in fashion, as ordered before the war, but still beautiful.

"A pretty wife for a poor man, whom I am to support!" murmured Miss Penelope. But all troubles, all antagonisms, melted before one magician. Nothing could withstand the fascination of Pierre Southgate Masterton; he had that natural common-sense, simplicity, sweetness, and sympathy, which win at a word.

He did not look like his father, he looked very like Miss Penelope. She could see it herself, and it pleased her. He seemed, too, to have caught in France that beautiful face of the old French *émigrés*—men who were meant to be exiles. In their faces were letters of introduction. No selfishness, no meanness, no deceit, could look out of that clean-cut, pale face. "He looks as I shall look in heaven," said Miss Penelope to herself, as she gave her own dark face a glance in the mirror.

His French education, besides giving him grace, had given him, we found out, a great deal of practical knowledge, and he soon proved himself a worthy talker with even the hardest-headed New-Englander. They got to like a man very soon who knew more than they did. And his little wife Marguerite had some elements of popularity. She was very neat, and wore her fine clothes with propriety. We rather looked down on her satin slippers, which so aptly matched her dresses, and contrasted them unfavorably with our own nine-buttoned, double-soled, stitched, calf-skin boots, made for service; but we reasoned, with Christian charity, that it was not her fault that she had been born in New Orleans, nor our unmitigated virtue that had caused us to be born in Cranberry Centre. There is a great deal of luck, after all, in being born.

Dinah every morning dressed her young mistress beautifully. It was amazing that any thing so light as Marguerite could proceed from any thing so dense as Dinah. Io,

in golden beauty issuing from her loving cloud, could alone image it, and Aunt Penurious was getting a little, yes, a great deal, incensed at the elegant idleness of her niece, when Southey, the boy, with admirable discretion, took the measles.

He, like all children, had preached an evangel of love and peace amid the discordant elements, but, ill in bed, he was the first and only object. The little, useless mamma appeared to great advantage by his sick-bed. They all got sick; change of climate, agitation of mind, and their long Southern privations, told severely on them, and, by the first frost, Miss Penelope loved them all. She did not love Marguerite the less that she had, one cold Sunday, thrown round her own bleak shoulders a costly camel's-hair shawl. "You will accept it, dear aunt, for your kindness to us all. It was my mother's, and it becomes you very much."

And Marguerite threw the shawl about Miss Penelope with a grace which perhaps no Cranberrian could have surpassed.

Miss Penny, with the luck of all rich women, had constantly been receiving bequests all her life. One old Southgate aunt would die and leave her all her linen; another cousin, whom she had scarcely heard of, would die and leave her some handsome dresses; but no one had ever left her a camel's-hair shawl and she had always wanted one. She was delighted, and put it away immediately in a box, as too good to be worn. Strange instinct of saving! Why do we put our treasures away in boxes, for the worms to eat them? They will all outlast us. Is it a profound instinct from the most perishable of all fabrics, this garment of the flesh which we wear, that we send our clothing to that silence which one day we shall surely take on for ourselves?

So Marguerite won her way, and Pierre gained everybody's confidence and good-will. He and his wife were the sweetest pair of married lovers in the world. They went off for long rambles, hand-in-hand, picking wild-flowers, and "taking the testimony of the rocks" together.

At first we were disposed to laugh at a big man for doing these things, until we found that Pierre knew every medicinal virtue in every plant; that he could find garnets in the granite, and that he could bring such queer and pretty insects, fish, birds, and butterflies, home to us, which we had never discovered, that he rendered the whole country-side a treasure-house. He had put his ear to the confessional of Nature, and she had told him all her secrets.

But Pierre could do nothing without Marguerite. She "must go before, like a light in the pathway," and then he would intelligently follow.

They took up, these two, the change in their atmosphere and belongings with a strange and admirable fortitude. We did not notice it then, but we have thought of it since.

Pierre began to work, and work hard. He first contributed of his French knowledge to a large manufacturing company in the neighborhood, who were beginning to make all sorts of printed goods, foulards, and Ameri-

can silks and ribbons. Often, on coming home, he would tell of the misused or unused water-power, and of the great mills which should be built on one mountain-torrent of a river. He finally got several capitalists in Cranberry quite exalted over his talk, and, above and beyond all, Aunt Penelope.

I must pause here to tell the story of Dinah, the oppressed slave—the refugee from a land of whips and scorpions to the blessed land of liberty. Here was a chance.

The select-men waited on Dinah, in a body, to tell her that she was free. She was requested to leave these tyrants who had frustrated her chance of becoming a moral agent, and as good as anybody, and to take upon herself the responsibility of a citizen.

But Dinah afforded us the first glimpse of the troubles which have followed our great national sin, and perhaps its most humorous side.

"I gwine to leave my young massa and missus? No, indeed, genman! Where you gwine put me when I get ole and pore, hey? Over dar in dat pore-looking place?"

And Dinah pointed to the county poor-house—not an attractive spot, I must acknowledge.

"But do you not love your freedom, you poor, benighted heathen? Are you not happy that you have come to the land of liberty, where you are the equal of every one—not to be the oppressed and enslaved creature that you have been, whipped to the death?" said our most eloquent select-man, getting pretty angry at Dinah's perverseness.

But Dinah had that weapon which has never yet deserted an enslaved race—she had repartee.

"I'se yo equal, is I, massa? Den, why don't you let me ride in de cars with my young missus, as I di down South? Who'll eat at the same table wid me? Not one of dese nice folks;" and she looked at Miss Penelope's white help, all good abolitionists, who would as soon have eaten with a snake as with Dinah. "Down South, I wouldn't eat with dem white trash," said Dinah, getting wrathful; but, resuming, with the cunning of her race, her good-humor, and her joke, she went on: "No, massa, I never was whip; I ain't one of dat kind, and I'll stay with my young massa and missus as long as they'll have me, and they won't send me off to de pore-house; dey'll jest let me die in my good bed, dat I know berry well. So, Northerners, yo gin us our rights, and yo gin us good Mr. Lincoln, whom de Lord Almighty took home, but yo don't gin poor ole nigger any love. My boy and my young missus, dey love me, and like to have me round; but, Law! Miss Penelope she take me very hard, and, as for Callisty, she—yah! yah! yah!"—and Africa became too much for her daughter, Dinah exploded in a fit of laughter, and went off with her apron over her face.

So the slavery question presented a new phase to the conscientious abolitionists who had built an underground-railroad, and who had only seen Boy Brown, and Ellen Crafts, and those half-white, intelligent mulattoes, to whom slavery had been so cruel. It was reserved as part of the punishment that freedom should be cruel to many of these

creatures, who are but children always. We cannot stop doing wrong, and do right immediately. We have now got to solve the problem of the "negro as legislator," and it is one which never occurred to the early abolitionist. However, we deserve all the inconvenience, all the false position, all the ridicule, that can attach to us, as a people, in our present awkward position; we bought it when we bought our first cargo of slaves, and we have affirmed the contract by fifty years of doughfacedness. Not one late, reluctant, but brave repentance on a hundred well-fought battle-fields, not all that oblation of high-priced blood which we poured out, can wash that great sin away. We have years of expiation before us still—years of doubt, and misery, and mistakes, and failures—years of ridiculous social alternations, but finally of victory, and peace to both sides, let us hope.

The third year after his arrival in Cranberry found Pierre the head of great enterprises; Miss Penelope had thrown open her long-closed chest of money; everybody had put in some more. Pierre had built a most expensive dam across the river; had reared an ugly structure of four or five stories, where he had already two or three hundred men and women at work; every thing had gone well, and had paid marvelously—such a lookout for an immense percentage had never happened before.

"How strange," said Scott, as he looked at the new village which Pierre's energy had caused to grow around his industry—"how strange! the old Masterton instinct of making money is in him, with all his culture, and refinement, and superiority."

Under all these new influences Miss Penny was growing quite dressy, hospitable, and cheerful. The boy Southey was an especial sunbeam to her old age. She loved him blindly, foolishly, exactly. He might climb her hitherto carefully preserved espaliers, and pluck her best pears, and shake any apple or cherry tree on the place. And, to do Southey justice, he was quite sure to climb, shake, and disturb any thing and every thing. He was a species of moral earthquake in that sombre old house. His father was too busy, and his mother too gentle, to do much with a boisterous boy, who was, besides, always abetted and protected by a loving old aunt.

So it came about that Southey and Miss Penny were much together and very great allies. The boy, when he was about ten years old, began to show a great love of drawing, and his favorite subject for study became the one picture in the house, Gentleman Gregory. He drew him on the slate, with charcoal; on the white-marble hearth, in pencil; on his mamma's white apron—everywhere. Once his father caught him upon the beautiful carved wooden mantel-piece fingering the carvings, to discover if the hand really stuck out as it seemed to—the hand which held the sword.

"Take care, my son; never touch an oil-painting," said gentle Pierre—"Aunt Penny, that is a very valuable picture; do you know its history at all?"

"Only that it was here when my father

bought the house," said Aunt Penny, shuddering as she remembered the ghosts.

But this calm was not to last long. That cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, which comes freighted with all our woes, was gathering over Cranberry Centre. It came, indeed, in a literal cloud, a great rain which swelled the streams, and which finally severely threatened Pierre's dam. Nothing could be done; it was doomed, and off it went, carrying with it fifty thousand of Miss Penny's carefully-saved dollars.

And then the impetuous and unruly water rushed up and threatened the foundations of the great mill; before the spindles could be stopped, or the women could come from the fourth story, the great walls shook.

Pierre, who, with the whole male population of the town had rushed to the scene of the disaster, which had all happened in less time than I take to tell it—Pierre, moved by some instinct of humanity, rushed into the threatened building. Then all remembered a little lame girl who had been employed by him but lately, and who was in the fourth story—every man's heart told him the story. Pierre had gone up to save her.

But it was of no use. With a terrible crash, which no one who heard it will ever forget, the great mill, imperfectly and hastily built, and now undermined by the rush of many waters, fell with its precious freight of human beings; and the young man, with the noble, pale face, he who had builded less wisely than he had hoped—he was buried with his fortunes.

Marguerite! When I saw her piteous face a few days after, I could only think of that sad little French story called "Sealed Orders"—how a good-natured captain in the French navy was ordered to sail off with a young couple, a lovely young wife and her scarcely older husband, and with "sealed orders;" how he got to love the young creatures, his Paul and Virginia, as he used to call them; how he hung hammocks on the deck for them to swing in, and how the day was but one long plaything to them both; how he opened his orders in longitude something and latitude something else, and read that he was to shoot the poor young man, who had been guilty of a political offense! Then the story goes on to tell that the captain shot the young husband, and saw the sense go out of the pretty, girlish face of the wife, and how, from that time, he left the navy, and devoted himself to the care of one poor idiot.

Marguerite did not live long. She never knew much after this shock. Not even Southey's boyish hands could bring recollection back to that terribly-stunned brain. She had loved her husband too completely to accept life without him. It was as if his voice called to her, and she came.

So we reach the last phase of this long, long story.

Miss Penny was ruined, all the great fortune was gone, and a black gulf alone, with a waste of waters, marked the grave of the nephew whom she had so dearly loved, and of the fortune so diligently saved.

She sat with her hands in Southey's, under the great picture, mournful and sad enough. She must sell the house and give

up every thing to have enough left to eke out her and his living, and to educate him. She was too old to work and too feeble to hope, but she faced her fate with her early resolution, and told Southey the whole story.

"Well, Aunt Penny," said the boy, "I know a secret about that picture, and I'll tell it to you. I think I have found out that there is something behind it, and, before we go away, I should like to see. May I try?"

Poor Miss Penny shuddered; but the boy was resolute, and she yielded. In a moment the little fellow climbed, as he had often done before, the high mantel, and, with a ten-penny nail, a knife, and other weapons which a boy can always command, he had pried at the wood-work of one side of Gentleman Gregory's picture, and, after a few vigorous thrusts and pulls, he moved the frame, and swung the picture slowly back like a door, revealing a shallow closet behind, in which appeared some old-fashioned pieces of silver and a sailor's black-box.

This the boy seized, and, raising a cloud of dust, descended triumphantly with it and deposited it in astonished Miss Penelope's lap.

The black-box was filled with Spanish gold-pieces. This, after all, was Captain Nickerson's buried wealth. He had probably discovered this hiding-place from having seen some such cabinets in old houses in England, where they are common enough. There was his box, with his name, "John Nickerson," on it, in full.

Miss Penelope immediately sent for Dr. Scott. She did not know whether these were her coins or not. She sat looking at them as he came in, running her thin fingers through their yellow mass. "Yes, they are lawfully yours, Miss Penelope; and not too many of them, after all," said Dr. Scott. "If old Nickerson had really made up his mind to do so theatrical a thing as this, I should think he might have left a few more. Why, our friends in Wall Street would lose all these for you in twenty minutes, and never think twice of it. But, still, they are not to be despised."

So the doctor examined the old silver tankards and the hidden closet with interest and Yankee curiosity.

"Very ingeniously contrived," said the doctor. "I dare say old Nickerson found some of Gentleman Gregory's spoons here when he came. The hinges quite hidden; yes—but what is this?" bringing his spectacles to bear on a name which was painted on the back of the canvas—"Geoffrey Kneller." "Miss Penny," said the doctor, slowly, "'Gentleman Gregory' is worth ten thousand dollars!"

So we had not been mistaken in our unconscious admiration; it was really a very great picture.

Two rival picture-buyers came up at once from New York to see the "Geoffrey Kneller," and got bidding against each other, and offered fabulous prices; but no, Miss Penny said no, not while she lived; she couldn't part with that picture yet.

"They will not have long to wait," thought Dr. Scott, for Miss Penny was failing fast. The dreadful tragedy of Pierre's death, and of his wife's so soon after, and

the loss of her money, had told slowly and surely on the woman of seventy years. Dinah was the best and tenderest of nurses, and Miss Penny would say, "Dinah, your hands are like velvet," as she rubbed the aching limbs, and tried, with the instinctive sympathy of her race, to hide from Miss Penny how emaciated she was getting. Southey, a boy of the rarest intelligence, with the inherited beauty and grace of both parents, loved and comforted her, hiding his own sore little heart as he saw her fading away; but it was of no use.

Her one comfort in these last days was to sit with Southey before the fire, under the great picture. As the winter twilight came on, Southey would lay his head in her lap, and listen to her stories until the warmth, the comfort, and the legend, coming after school and exercise and play, would send him to sleep, and Dinah would come in to light the candles and bring Miss Penelope her tea; then, with many jokes and elephantine gambols, Dinah would rouse her boy, and take him off to supper and to bed.

One winter afternoon, as they had assumed their favorite attitude, Miss Penny said:

"Southey, it is just sixty years ago to-day since I first sat under this picture with your dear little baby grandfather in my lap. I looked up at Gentleman Gregory through my tears, for I was a desolate little girl. He smiled down on me as he is doing to-day. Isn't he a gracious gentleman? I little knew what that smile meant; now I know that he was saving up a comfort for my old age! Southey, that picture will pay for your education. You must be a hard-working scholar and a gentleman. There is a vice in our blood which I want you to root out of your nature. We have loved gold too much. Southey, if you make a fortune, love it for what it will buy, not for itself."

Then she went on telling her stories until she heard the boy's regular breathing, and knew she had lulled him to sleep.

When Dinah entered the room to light the candles that evening, a great awe fell upon her. She felt a presence in the room—solemn and unexpected. She looked hastily at the group before the fire. The boy slept the sweet, unconscious, rosy sleep of childhood, but the woman slept that sleep which shall know no waking. The hand which lay on Southey's golden curls was pulseless and cold, and the fine old face, with its crown of white hair, like that of some noble *châtelaine* of the middle ages, was seated in majestic silence.

Miss Penelope was dead.

Dinah took her boy in her strong arms and bore him off, still sleeping, to his bed, and then returned to her sad, last duties.

The picture was sold for even a higher price than Dr. Scott had foretold. The grand old house was sold, and is now a first-class watering-place hotel—for Cranberry Centre has developed into an agreeable summer resort. When you go there, dear and patient reader, the gentlemanly clerk will show you into a grand parlor. You will see a niche over the fireplace, looking as if a small statue might be placed therein. That was Gentle-

man Gregory's closet, where he kept ghosts and gold.

Southey is at college, getting that education for which his grandfather had sighed in vain. He has enough money to last him until he can earn more, and in the mean time he is very rich, for he has high spirits, health, youth, and talents. He is so much interested in the coming boat-race, and his own promised admission into a secret society, behind whose arcana are hidden all that makes life desirable, that he has no regret for the fortune which might have been his.

Two pilgrimages he makes, however, for which I love him very much. He goes once a year to the great gallery of Mr. Macenas, in New York, to see the gem of that valuable collection, a certain Sir Geoffrey Kneller, of great beauty, and he says: "I will get money some day, by George, and buy that picture back again, and hang it in my house;" and then, with a sadder expression on his young face, which does not render it less attractive, he wends his way to a certain hill-side where, under some stately old pines and some whispering elms, lie the graves of his kindred.

He kneels and says a prayer over that green sod which covers his young father and mother, but he lingers long by the simple stone which records the name and age of Penelope Masterton, and he reads over and over again the line which she herself ordered carved thereon. It is this:

"She did what she could!"

M. E. W. S.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE CIVIL SERVICE.

BY ALEXANDER DELMAR,

LATE DIRECTOR OF THE UNITED STATES BUREAU OF STATISTICS.

VI.

TWO VERY QUEER CHARACTERS.

AMONG the many odd characters presented to me at various times in the shape of applicants for clerical office were the following:

THE LIGHTNING CALCULATOR.

The Lightning Calculator was from some country-town in the West, and, having shown wonderful proficiency as a ready-reckoner, had been picked up by some traveling circus, and exhibited to the gaping bumpkins of the vicinity at twenty-five cents per head. His fame extending, Barnum had, I believe, got hold of him, and brought him eastward; but, not "drawing" as well as was expected, he was sent adrift, and, of course, the first thing he thought of was an application to the representative in Congress of his "destrict" for employment as a government clerk. The representative, much impressed with his extraordinary facility in adding, multiplying, and dividing, recommended him to the department, and he was turned over to me.

He was as raw as an unplucked pumpkin, and, when my doorkeeper brought him in, sat down at once in a chair, with his hat on,

keeled the chair over backward, crossed his legs at sharp angles, commenced squirting tobacco-juice, an accomplishment in the practice of which he showed great vigor and skill, and addressed me as "Stranger."

"Stranger," began this representative youth—"stranger, my name is Streak. I am the cutest man you ever saw. I kin see through a man quicker than eighteen hundred and eleven. Now, I know what you want. You and your fancy friend thar"—pointing to the doorkeeper, who was waiting respectfully within call, for fear, perhaps, that some attempt was about to be made on my life—"you want a man who kin do all your figure-work for half the money you're gittin', and let you off for a circus-show or uthin' o' that kind. Well, I'm the man, and I kin multiply twelve figures by twelve quicker than eighteen hundred and eleven."

He was a seedy-looking youth, of somewhat haggard aspect, as though his ruminative exercises on tobacco-quids had tired him out. He was lame, and walked with a wriggle. His arms and legs were bloated, their amorphous outlines resembling those of potatoes; his coat was as dusty as the jackets of those esculents, and he held a little white slate in his hand, on which appeared traces of sums in arithmetic.

I was so much amused at his impudence that I could not order him out of the office. Nor did the hilarity which I could not suppress offend him. He said:

"You're laughing at my clothes, I know. They ain't fixed up like you city-fellers', but I kin do the sums, and that's more than store-clothes. I was the man that put down Professor Two-and-Six when he asked me how many apples there was in a bushel of oysters. I put him down quicker than eighteen hundred and eleven. He's high up in the Kalamazoo College to-day, but I was the man that put him down—arithmetical-like, you know, but I put him down." And he pointed to the floor.

I sent the doorkeeper to one of the clerk's rooms for an arithmometer. This was a French instrument, which I had purchased for the bureau, capable of adding, subtracting, multiplying, and dividing, large and small sums, with great rapidity. The operator came with the instrument, and, explaining its use to Mr. Streak, I invited him to a trial of skill with it.

"Arithmometer, is it?" said he, contemptuously. "Oh, I seen all them things, Webb's adder and sich-like. Why, they ain't shucks. I kin beat 'em every time—beat 'em quicker than eighteen hundred and eleven. I'm ready."

His bloated left leg was shorter than his bloated right leg. The one resembled, in outline, a sweet-potato; the other, an Irish. The sweet-potato was crossed over the Irish potato when he flung out this bold defiance. Having flung it out, he placed the Irish potato over the sweet. The ascendancy of the sweet I took to be an indication of the intimidation or doubt occasioned by the first appearance of the arithmometer; that of the Irish, as a mark of the confidence and resolution that succeeded.

Question. Add together $127,346 + 783,238 + 924,593 + 876,543 + 345,678 + 101,001$.

Answer (by Lightning Calculator), 3,058,399. Time, including setting the sum, thirty-five seconds. Answer (by arithmometer), 3,158,399. Time, forty seconds.

Mr. Streak said the machine was beaten. Great flourish of his Irish leg, and a triumphant *jet d'eau* of tobacco-juice in every direction.

Same question again, with sums set at start. By Lightning Calculator's answer, 2,958,399; time, thirty-five seconds. By machine's answer, 3,158,399; time, thirty seconds.

Machine obviously ahead. Change of posture by Mr. Streak. Sweet-potato leg in the ascendant. Abnormal economy of juice.

Question. Subtract 908,000,716 from 3,174,509,861. Time, by Lightning Calculator, two seconds; by machine, one second. Correct answer by both.

Question. Multiply 987,542 by 123,456. Time, with sum set, by Lightning Calculator, sixty seconds; machine, ten. Without sum set, Lightning Calculator, sixty seconds; machine, fifteen. Quotient by machine, 121,917,985,152; by Lightning Calculator, 125,917,666,042.

Here Mr. Streak caressed his sweet-potato leg very thoughtfully, turned over the quid of tobacco in his mouth very slowly, repeatedly ejaculated something that sounded like "hail," and, putting an extra wrinkle or two in his calculating head, waited with a painful readiness for the next problem in arithmetic.

Question. Divide 380,718,158,046 by 1,029,338. Time, by Lightning Calculator, over one minute; by machine, twenty-five seconds, with sum set, or thirty-five seconds without. Answer, by machine, 1,029,338; by Lightning Calculator, not recorded; but it was hopelessly wrong.

By this time Mr. Streak was perspiring in every pore. All the figures he ever knew seemed to be distilling themselves in platoons through his skin.

Question. What will $17\frac{1}{2}$ dozens of any thing cost at $\frac{1}{4}$ of a dollar per score?

The Lightning Calculator did not put this sum down, but he scratched his head with his pencil, and said:

"Seventeen and eleven-twelfths of what?"

"Of any thing. Turnips or cabbages, if you like."

"Well, let's say cabbages;" and he went to work at the sum.

But he never got through with it.

"Stranger," said he, "I guess I'll gin this up;" and off he stumped toward the door, very humble and crestfallen, with his sweet-potato leg doing all the work, and his Irish-potato leg trailing after him.

By this time a number of my brother-officers, who had heard of what was going on, had entered the room and witnessed Mr. Streak's discomfiture. Unwilling to lose the chance of some further fun, they called him back and encouraged him to make another trial.

"Hail, no!" said the Lightning Calculator. "Suppose I'm a cussed fool, gentlemen? I seen a man once trying to buck up agin a steam-engine, and the engine warren't hurt a bit, but the man was chewed up all tew

pieces. I've seen enough of that arithmetical machine, and I'm satisfied it can beat me all to smash, and that I ain't wanted here nohow."

And so were we.

PROFESSOR ZWEIFLEGER BREITZEL.

Put a beer-barrel on a pair of long stilts put a round Dutch cheese, which has been in a damp place a long while, on top of the beer-barrel; put a pair of black pants on the stilts; put a shabby dress-coat and a large, white vest, stained with coffee and cigar-ashes, on the beer-barrel; put a couple of villainous little eyes in the Dutch cheese, and crown the latter with some straight, coarse, black hair, and a shabby beaver with a high crown and narrow brim—and you have to all intents and purposes Herr Zweileger Breitzel.

Herr Zweileger had been formerly the United States consul at Castoroi, a town of considerable importance on the northern coast of Greenland. How it was that a German had been selected to fill this powerful office, when so many Americans are ready at all times to draw upon civil-service funds or perish in the attempt, I do not know; but I believe it was due somewhat to Zweileger's reputation as a German *savant*, and much to his rare powers of importunity. To say that Zweileger was the most persistent and exhausting bore that is known to have ever appeared in Washington, is not saying too much. There is a bare-breasted mendicant who sits on a stone stoop in William Street, New York, somewhere between Fulton and Cedar Streets. He never opens his mouth to ask for charity. He merely keeps his breast bare, his leg-ulcers well bandaged up, and the goitre on his throat attractively displayed, and there he sits and looks at you. The man who can withstand that horrible and mute appeal must be made of stone. In like manner the dispenser of official patronage who could survive Zweileger must have been made of India-rubber. At least, this was what I have heard about him.

Zweileger was brought to my attention before I knew this, and recommended to me for place by one of the principal officers of the government, who was also a personal friend, and who, having also probably been bored to within an inch of his own life, very kindly turned Zweileger over to (bore) me. Had he simply recommended him to me for office, I should have understood the motive; and, since I had now been in the Treasury some years, and become hardened in the dispensation of official patronage, probably turned him over to somebody else. But, as I afterward learned, he had already been "passed around" among the various appointing-officers without results, and it seems that I was made a sort of *dernier resort*. Of course, I was wholly unconscious of this at the time. All I knew was that a great German *savant*, who had been in our consular service, had expressed a desire to enter the Bureau of Statistics as a clerk, that he was a man of travel and encyclopedical information, familiar with books of reference, and fond of collating statistics. These qualifications do not, indeed, make a statistician, for the latter should also know the relation be-

tween the facts he knows, and also between them and the whole stock of our knowledge. But experience had taught me not to expect to obtain statisticians on twelve or sixteen hundred dollars a year, nor indeed any but generally very superficially-qualified clerks. The proposition about Zweileger, therefore, struck me rather favorably; but, nevertheless, as the candidate was not in town, and I had not seen him yet, and was unwilling to appoint him without a previous examination, I proposed to defer the matter to a future time. My friend, however, pressed me rather warmly, explained that the appointment was only a probationary one, for a month, that it had already been made out, and asked me to sign it. In a fatal moment of weakness I did so, and, before I was conscious of the awful fact, Zweileger had become mine.

I never shall forget the first time I saw Zweileger. I was standing in the main lobby of the Treasury, a lobby which is several hundred feet long, talking with some member of Congress, and saw a man advancing to where we were standing, whose general appearance, which has been already described, and method of locomotion, both attracted my attention. Suppose that a ship in sailing from Key West to New York, instead of taking the Gulf Stream and making as straight a line as possible to her port of destination, were to sail into all the bays and inlets along the coast, hugging the shores closely, and carefully following their sinuosities to the end of her voyage, she would advance in precisely the same way that Herr Zweileger advanced along the Treasury lobby. He kept close to one wall, went partly into every open doorway, steered close around every engaged column and pilaster, keeping his eyes riveted to the pavement, and shuffling, rather than walking, every step. As he came closer, I saw that he wore black slippers instead of boots; as he passed me, I saw that his stockings were in holes at the heels; at the same time I fancied that one of the many doors along the lobby had been suddenly opened, and that—how shall I say it?—luncheon was going on within, a luncheon of smoked herrings, German cheese, etc. As Herr Zweileger disappeared around one of the turns of the lobby, I turned to my companion, on whose face there was a broad grin, and asked him if he had ever seen a more extraordinary-looking person.

"No," replied he; "I confess I never have. But I have seen this one before, and, just as you saw him walk along this lobby, so does he perambulate the streets, keeping close to the houses on the way, going around every stoop, hugging the walls of every area. He is a confirmed office-seeker, and the most frightful bore imaginable. We call him, at the Capitol, the Colossal German Basilisk, and his name is Herr Zweileger Breitzel, formerly United States consul at Castorail."

I felt sick.

In five minutes' time I was in my office to meet my fate, and there it sat and confronted me with its burly form, faced me with its flabby cheeks, leered at me out of its half-closed, bilious eyes, and gave out strong indications that it was fond of herrings, and cheese, and onions, and so forth,

and that its pockets were filled with a multitude of half-burned cigars of strictly German manufacture. It held out a paper in one hand and a card in the other. The paper was the appointment of Mr. Zweileger Breitzel to the office of first-class clerk in the Bureau of Statistics. I shuddered as I read it. The card bore the legend:

M. ZWEILEGER BREITZEL,

Consul des États-Unis,

CASTORAIL,

Grœnland.

It was one of his old consular cards, stained, like every thing else about him, with coffee or beer, and redolent of—what shall I say?—well, a great deal of cheese!

What was I to do? Turn whichever way I would, still there was no escape for me. I could not dismiss a man whom I had but just appointed. I could not give him a leave of absence for a month, for this would be to rob the public of those services for which the public was now bound to pay him a month's salary. On the other hand, I could not, in justice to my other clerks, place among them one whose personal habits would expose them to annoyance.

Never did the unhappy Frankenstein tremble in the horrid presence of the monster he had invoked, as I shuddered in that of Herr Zweileger. But something must be done. I began by opening the window. That, at least, was a necessary preliminary. Then I tried to measure my basilisk with a view of turning him, if possible, to some clerical account. On the whole, this examination was much more satisfactory than I had expected after seeing him. He had a smattering of knowledge, picked up in many places; he knew something about books of reference; he showed me a number of criticisms that he had written, and which gave some evidence of culture and acumen, and he convinced me of his ability to read French, and both read and speak German. If I could only disinfect the man in some way, and get him to alter his make-up, I thought I might venture to send him to the clerks' rooms. The trouble was, to intimate what was wanted without offending him. In sheer desperation I finally turned him over to my chief clerk, and this was the latter's report:

"He is certainly the queerest customer I ever saw, and as for—well, the cheese-flavor, you know—I haven't got rid of it yet. He fired up with great indignation when I mentioned the delicate matter of a change of costume, so I didn't dare to say a word about—other improvements. I intimated to him that I thought you would, if he desired it, endeavor to obtain some advance pay for him, but he didn't seem to take. I hope you do not intend to send him up-stairs, sir?"

What was I to do? I saw no way out of the dilemma but to send him up, and let him take his chances. However, to soften the punishment this course would unavoidably inflict upon the other clerks, I recommended Zweileger to be placed in some quiet corner of the largest room, with the nearest window open, and a barricade about him of book-

racks, desks, etc., so as to isolate him as much as possible from the rest.

But, for all this, he soon became painfully manifest to their senses, and they commenced a regular persecution of him, with a view to drive him out. They called him all sorts of names—Schweizer, Limburger, Awful Breitzel, and I know not what other trash—but they could neither change nor stir him. They made all kinds of fun of his shocking bad hat, his extraordinary shad-belly coat, his doubly-ample white vest, his gaping stockings. They painted an antediluvian reptile, eating red herrings and onions—a great, fat creature, with half-closed eyes, dressed up like Herr Zweileger. They called it the *basiliscus Breitzelionus*, and laid it on his desk. As for the ladies, they fled at his approach.

But it seemed that, with all his repulsiveness, Zweileger held an excellent opinion of himself, and even fancied that his charms of person were such as to render him an attractive object to the other sex. Hence, he was very gallant to the ladies, and lifted his hat off when they passed him, and placed his hand upon his white vest, and leered (one of them said winked) at them, and displayed, in a great variety of ways, his admiration of them. To one of them, a sharp-witted Southern girl, who had conquered her repugnance to his presence for the sake of the fun she expected to extract from him, he even hinted that he was a bachelor; that, while he was consul at Castorail, the Sultan of Greenland had offered to appoint him Keeper of the Seals, and that this lucrative office was always open to him if he chose to return to that delightful country, which he might do if he were married. To another, upon whom it seems he lavished all the wealth of his nature, he confided what he termed the real story of his life. He was not a mere government clerk, nor an ex-consul, nor a compiler of almanacs, but a Thuringian nobleman in disguise. His father was the celebrated Count Breitzelhausen, the Man with the Iron Heel. He had a mission in America. When that was accomplished he would return to his native country to enjoy the rank and wealth that awaited him, etc., etc.

I could hardly credit these absurd stories when they were repeated to me, but it seems he had really been guilty of all this folly and more. As for his clerical work, it was as wild as his stories about himself. Government clerks, they say, seldom die and never resign. But Zweileger was too much for my employés. At first they complained that the floor of the main room they were in, and which had formerly been used for printing the Treasury and bank notes, was saturated with chemicals and very unhealthy; then, that some of the pipes and flues of that portion of the building were out of order. Subsequently, a colored porter employed in the bureau pretended to be able to tell, without seeing him, when the professor was approaching.

I could not but understand the meaning of all this, coupled, as it was, with sly hints about bone-boiling establishments, and I know not what else. There was no alternative but to let Zweileger go. He was very angry when asked to resign, and the depart-

ment only got rid of him with considerable effort. After his departure, which caused great rejoicing among the clerks, the ladies maliciously said that Zweileger had left a wound in their hearts which time alone could efface.

"THE DEAD ALIVE."

THE name of a popular author will generally float even a very slight effort into general knowledge at once, so it may be taken for granted that most of the readers of the JOURNAL have by this time glanced through the pages of the last work of Mr. Collins, which bears the above title. An unsatisfactory work it is likely that most of them have found it—a work in which it might puzzle one to discover a single trace of the constructive ability and the nervous vigor of style which, as a rule, characterize the productions of this novelist. Yet, apart from the careless manner in which its outlines are sketched, the chief point which strikes one about the little narrative is, that there are some things which it is a mistake to weave into fiction. There are some stories which impress us more deeply, which appeal more strongly to our interest and curiosity, when left in the domain of fact, than when draped in the robes of fancy. In other words, as Lord Lytton would say, the real does not always adapt itself well to the uses of the ideal; and incidents which would seem simply strange and interesting in reality, are apt to appear strained and "sensational" in fiction.

Though the trial on which Mr. Collins has based his story is certainly remarkable, it is not without many parallels in legal history. More than once before, in the annals of the law, have the dead been alive, according to the sense in which he uses the term; more than once before have men confessed crimes of which they were innocent; and many times before has circumstantial evidence condemned the guiltless to a shameful death.

Of cases that come under this head, one of the most singular on record is that of the trial and conviction of a Danish clergyman, which occurred many generations ago in Jutland. From its impressive nature it has been made the subject of frequent remark by Danish and German writers, and it is still remembered and dwelt upon with pity in the native country of the unfortunate man. In his "Famous Cases of Circumstantial Evidence," Mr. Phillips gives an account of this celebrated and striking case, which may be worth quoting, since the book in which it is to be found (though full of interest even to the general reader) is not likely, from the nature of its subject, to have attained a very large general circulation.

The unhappy hero of the story, Sören Qirst, was pastor of the little village of Veilby, situated a few miles from Grenall, in the Jutland Peninsula. He was a man of excellent moral character, generous, hospitable, and diligent in the performance of his sacred duties; but he was also a man of constitutionally violent temper, which he lacked the ability to restrain, and was consequently subject

at times to fierce outbursts of wrath, which were a scourge to his household when they occurred, and a humiliation to himself. Like most Danish clergymen of that day, he was a tiller of the soil as well as a preacher of the Word, and, from the produce of his tithes and the cultivation of his farm, realized a comfortable competence. At the time of the occurrences about to be related, he was a widower, with two children—a daughter, who kept house for him, and a son, holding an officer's commission in the army.

At Ingvorstrup, a village not far from Veilby, lived at the same time a cattle-farmer, one Morten Burns, who had acquired a considerable property, but was in ill-repute as a reckless self-seeker and oppressor of the poor. This man thought fit to pay court to the pastor's daughter, but his suit was rejected by both parent and child, and either the refusal or the manner of it so irritated the suitor that he swore to be revenged on both.

Some months later, when the short-lived suit had been forgotten, the pastor, being in want of a farm-servant, engaged Niels Burns, a poor brother of the rich Morten, in that capacity. Niels soon showed himself to be utterly worthless, lazy, and impudent, of which the result was a constant succession of quarrels between him and his master. Sören, on more than one occasion, gave him a thrashing, which did not tend to improve the relations between them. These relations, however, were not destined to last long. One day the pastor set Niels to dig a piece of ground in the garden; but, on coming out after a time, he found him, instead of digging, leisurely resting on his spade and cracking nuts, his work being left undone. The master scolded angrily; the man retorted that it was no business of his to dig in the garden, at which Sören struck him in the face; and the fellow, throwing down the spade, retaliated with a volley of abuse. Thereupon the old man lost all self-control, and, seizing the spade, dealt him several severe blows with it. Niels fell to the ground like one dead, but, when his master, in great alarm, raised him up, he broke away, leaped through the hedge, and made off into the neighboring wood. From that time he was seen no more, and all inquiries after him proved vain. This was the pastor's account of the facts.

Before long, strange rumors began to circulate in the neighborhood, and, as a matter of course, reached the clergyman's ears. Morten Burns was known to have said that "he would make the parson produce his brother, even if he had to dig him out of the earth." Sören was intensely pained at the calumny implied, and instituted, at his own expense, a quiet search after the missing man—a search which failed altogether. Meanwhile, Morten Burns, in fulfillment of his threat, applied to the district magistrate, taking with him, as witnesses, one Larsen, a cottager, and a laborer's widow and daughter, on the strength of whose testimony he declared his belief that the pastor had slain his brother. The magistrate represented to him the risk he ran in making so serious a charge, and advised him to weigh the matter well before it was too late. But Morten persisted in his

design, and the statements of the witnesses were taken down.

The widow Karsten deposed that, on the day when Niels Burns was said to have fled from the parsonage, she and her daughter Else had passed by the pastor's garden about the hour of noon. When they were nearly in front of the hedge which inclosed it on the eastern side, they heard some one calling Else. It was Niels, who was on the other side of the hazel-bushes, and who bent back the branches, and asked Else if she would have some nuts. She took a handful, and then asked him what he was doing there. He replied that the pastor had ordered him to dig, but the task did not suit him, and he preferred cracking nuts. Just then they heard a door in the house open, and Niels said, "Now listen, and you shall hear a preachment." Directly after they heard (they could not see, because the hedge was too high and too thick) the voice of the pastor raised in anger. Niels answered insolently, and a fierce quarrel ensued. Finally they heard Sören cry, "I will beat thee, dog, until thou liest dead at my feet!" On this followed sounds as of blows, and then Niels called the pastor a rogue and a hangman. To this the latter made no reply; but they heard two quick blows, and saw the iron blade of a spade and part of a handle swing twice above the hedge-row, but in whose hands they could not discern. After this all was quiet in the garden, and, somewhat alarmed and excited, they hurried on their way.

Larsen deposed that, on the evening of the day following that of the disappearance of Niels, as he was returning home very late from Tolstrup, and passing the clergyman's garden, he heard from within the sound of some one digging the earth. At first he was rather startled, but, since it was clear moonlight, he determined to find out who was working in the garden at that late hour; therefore, he slipped off his wooden shoes, climbed up the hedge, and parted the tops of the hazel-bushes so as to see. To his surprise, he saw the pastor in the green dressing-gown he usually wore, and a white night-cap on his head, busied in leveling the earth with a spade. More than this he did not see, for the pastor turned suddenly round, as if some sound had met his ear; and Larsen, being afraid of detection, let himself down, and ran away.

When the witnesses had thus deposed, Morten demanded that the parson should be arrested. Wishing to avoid such a scandal, if possible, the magistrate proposed that they should go together to the parsonage, where they would probably receive a satisfactory explanation of the facts deposed to. Morten consented to this, and the party set out. On approaching the house, they saw Sören coming to meet them—when Morten ran forward, and bluntly accused him of murdering his brother, adding that he was come with the magistrate to make search for the body. The pastor made him no reply, but, courteously greeting the magistrate, gave directions to the farm-servants, who now gathered round, to aid, by all means in their power, the search about to be made. Morten led the way into the garden, and, after looking

round for some time, pointed to a certain spot, and called upon the men to dig there. They fell to work at once, but when they had dug to a little depth the ground proved so hard, that it was evident it had not been broken up for a long while. Sören had looked on quite at ease, and now he said to Morten:

"Slanderer! what have you got for your pains?"

Instead of replying, Morten turned to Larsen, and asked him where it was that he had seen the parson digging. Larsen pointed to a heap of cabbage-stalks, dried haulms, and other refuse, and said he thought that was the place. The rubbish was soon removed, and the men began digging at the soil beneath. They had not dug long when one of them cried out, "Heaven preserve us!" and, as all present crowded to look, the crown of a hat was visible above the earth.

"That is Niels's hat!" cried Morten; "I know it well: here is a proof that we shall find him! Dig away!" he shouted, with fierce energy, which was almost as eagerly obeyed.

Soon an arm appeared, and in a few minutes the entire corpse was disinterred. There could be no doubt that it was the missing man. The face could not be recognized, for decomposition had commenced, and the features had been injured by blows; but all his clothes, even to his shirt with his name on it, were identified by his fellow-servants; even a leaden ring in the left ear was recognized as one which Niels had worn for years.

There was no alternative but to arrest the parson on the spot—indeed, he willingly surrendered himself, merely protesting his innocence.

"Appearances are against me," he said; "surely this must be the work of Satan and his ministry; but He lives who will at his pleasure make my innocence manifest. Take me to prison: in solitude I will await what He in his wisdom shall decree."

He was removed to the jail at Grenall the same night, and on the following day came the judicial examination. The first three witnesses confirmed their former statements on oath. Moreover, there now appeared three additional witnesses, viz., the pastor's two farm-servants and the dairy-maid. The two former testified that on the day of the murder they had been sitting near the open window in the servants' room, and had distinctly heard how the pastor and Niels were quarreling, and how the former cried out, "I will slay thee, dog! thou shalt lie dead at my feet!" They added that they had twice before heard the pastor threaten Niels in the same manner. The dairy-maid deposed that, on the night when Larsen saw the pastor in the garden, she was lying awake in bed, and heard the door leading from the passage into the garden creak, and that, when she rose and peeped out, she saw the pastor, in his dressing-gown and night-cap, go out into the garden. What he did there she saw not, but about an hour afterward she again heard the creaking of the door.

When asked what he had to say in his defense, the pastor replied, solemnly:

"So help me God, I will speak nothing but the truth. I struck the deceased with

the spade, but not otherwise than that he was able to run away from me, and out of the garden; what became of him afterward, or how he came to be buried in my garden, I know not. As for the evidence of Larsen and the dairy-maid, who say they saw me in the garden in the night, it is either a foul lie or it is a hellish delusion. Miserable man that I am! I have no one on earth to speak in my defense; if He in heaven likewise remains silent, I have only to submit to his inscrutable will."

When, some weeks later, the trial came on, two more fresh witnesses were produced. They declared that on the oft-mentioned night they were proceeding along the road which ran from the pastor's garden to the wood, when they met a man carrying a sack on his back, who passed them and walked on in the direction of the garden. His face they could not see, inasmuch as it was concealed by the overhanging sack; but, as the moon was shining, they could plainly descry that he was clad in a pale-green coat and a white night-cap. He disappeared near the pastor's hedge. No sooner did Sören hear this evidence, than his face turned of an ashy hue, and he cried out, in a faltering voice, "I am fainting!" He was so prostrated in mind and body, that he had to be taken back to prison. There, after a period of severe suffering, to the intense astonishment of every one, he made to his friend, the district magistrate who had arrested him, the following strange confession:

"From my childhood, as far back as I can remember, I have ever been passionate, quarrelsome, and proud—impatient of contradiction, and ever ready with a blow. Yet have I seldom let the sun go down on my wrath, nor have I borne ill will to any one. When but a lad I slew, in anger, a dog which one day ate my dinner, which I had left in his way. When, as a student, I went on foreign travel, I entered, on slight provocation, into a broil with a German youth in Leipzig, challenged him, and gave him a wound that endangered his life. For that deed I feel that I merit this which has now come upon me after long years; but the punishment falls upon my sinful head with tenfold weight, now that I am broken down with age, a clergyman and a father.—O Father in heaven, it is here that the wound is sorest!"

After a pause of anguish, he continued: "I will now confess the crime which no doubt I have committed, but of which I am, nevertheless, not fully conscious. That I struck the unhappy man with the spade, I know full well, and have already confessed—whether it were with the flat side or the sharp edge, I could not in my passion discern; that he then fell down, and afterward again rose up and ran away—that is all I know to a surety. What followed—Heaven help me!—four witnesses have seen, namely, that I fetched the corpse from the wood and buried it. That this must be true, I am obliged to believe, and I will tell you wherefore. Three or four times in my life, that I know of, it has happened to me to walk in my sleep. The last time (about nine years ago), I was next day to preach a funeral sermon over the remains of a man who had un-

expectedly met with a dreadful death. I was at a loss for a text, when the words of a wise man among the ancient Greeks suddenly occurred to me: 'Call no man happy until he be in his grave.' To use the words of a heathen for the text of a Christian discourse was not, methought, seemly; but I then remembered that the same thought, expressed in wellnigh the same terms, was to be met with somewhere in the Apocrypha. I sought and sought, but could not find the passage. It was late, I was wearied by much previous labor, I therefore went to bed and soon fell asleep. Greatly did I marvel the next morning when, on rising and seating myself at my writing-desk, I saw before me, written in large letters on a sheet of paper, "Let no man be deemed happy before his end cometh" (Sirach xi. 34). But not this alone: I found likewise a funeral discourse—short, but as well written as any I had ever composed—and all in my own handwriting. In the chamber none other than I could have been. I knew, therefore, who it was that had written the discourse, and that it was no other than myself. Not more than half a year previous I had, in the same marvelous state, gone in the night-time into the church, and fetched away a handkerchief which I had left in the chair behind the altar. Mark, now—when the two witnesses this morning delivered their evidence before the court, then my previous sleep-walking suddenly flashed across me; and I likewise called to mind that, in the morning after the night during which the corpse must have been buried, I had been surprised to see my dressing-gown lying on the floor just inside the door, whereas, it was always my custom to hang it on a chair by my bedside. The unhappy victim of my unbridled passion must, in all likelihood, have fallen down dead in the woods; and I must, in my sleep-walking, have followed him thither. Yes—the Lord have mercy!—so it was—so it must have been!"

On the following day sentence of death was passed upon the prisoner—a sentence which many felt to be too severe, and which led to a friendly conspiracy on his behalf. Had it not been for his own refusal to be a party to any thing unlawful, he might have escaped. The jailer was gained over, and a fisherman had his boat in readiness for a flight to the Swedish coast. But Sören Qirast refused to flee. He longed, he said, for death; and he would not add a new stain to his reputation by a furtive flight. He maintained his strength of mind to the last, and from the scaffold addressed to the by-standers a discourse of much power, which he had composed in prison during his last days. It treated of anger and its direful consequences, with touching allusions to himself and the dreadful crime to which his anger misled him. Then he doffed his coat, bound with his own hands the napkin before his eyes, and submitted his neck to the executioner's sword.

One-and-twenty years after the pastor, Sören Qirast, of Veilby, had been accused, tried, condemned, and executed, for the murder of his servant, an old beggar-man applied for alms to the people of Aalsøe, the parish adjoining Veilby. Suspicion was aroused by

the exact likeness the beggar bore to Morten Burns, of Ingvorstrup, who had lately died, and also by the curious and anxious inquiries the man made concerning events long past. The pastor of Aalsøe, who had buried Morten Burns, took the vagabond to his parsonage, and there the fellow, all unconscious of the portentous nature of the admission, acknowledged that he was Niels Burns, the very man for whose supposed murder the pastor had suffered the shameful death of a criminal! Had his brother Morten survived him, it is certain the truth, concealed so long, had never been known, as Niels had only returned to the district in the hope of profiting by Morten's death, the news of which had accidentally reached him. He professed, and, indeed, plainly experienced, the utmost horror on hearing of the pastor's cruel fate. It was all Morten's doings, he said; but he was so overcome by the terrible narrative that he could scarcely gather strength to reply to the questions put to him. The result of his confession may be summed up very briefly. Morten had conceived a mortal hatred of Sören Qirst from the time that he refused him his daughter, and had determined on revenge. It was he who compelled Niels to take service with the pastor, and who had spurred him on to his repeated offenses, in the expectation that violence would result, owing to the pastor's hasty temper. Niels told him daily all that took place; and, on leaving the garden on that fatal day, he had run over to Ingvorstrup to acquaint his brother at once with what had happened. Morten shut him up in a private room that no one might see him. Shortly after midnight, when the whole village was asleep, the two brothers went to a place where the roads crossed each other, and where, two days before, a suicide had been buried—a young man of about Niels's age and stature. In spite of Niels's remonstrance, they dug up the corpse, and took it into Morten's house. Niels was made to strip and don a suit of Morten's, and the corpse was clad piece by piece in Niels's cast-off clothes, even to the very ear-ring. Then Morten battered the dead face with a spade, and hid it in the sack until the next night, when they carried it into the wood by Veilby parsonage. Niels asked what all these preparations meant. Morten told him to mind his own business, and to go and fetch the parson's green dressing-gown and cap. This Niels refused to do, whereupon Morten went and fetched them himself.*

"And now," he said to his brother, "go thy way! Here is a purse with a hundred dollars. Make for the frontier where no one knows thee; pass thyself under another name, and never set thy foot on Danish soil again as thou wouldst answer it with thy life!"

Niels did as he was commanded, and parted with Morten forever. He had enlisted for a soldier, had suffered great hardships, had lost a limb, and returned to his native place a mere wreck.

Besides this tragical story of fabricated evidence, there are many other instances of

the reappearance of men supposed to be dead, after judicial murder had been committed on the persons of those suspected of their death. One of the most remarkable of these cases occurred in England, in 1660.

On the 6th of August, in that year, one William Harrison, the steward of a wealthy lady in Gloucestershire, mysteriously disappeared. He had left home in order to collect rents; so, when days and weeks passed without his returning, or any thing being heard of him, suspicions of robbery and murder became rife among his friends. In the neighborhood there lived a poor family, consisting of a mother and two sons—Perry by name—of whom the mother bore but an indifferent character, and one of the sons was half-witted. It is supposed that the numerous reports which were in circulation with regard to Harrison unsettled what brain this poor idiot had, for he actually went before a justice of the peace and deposed to the murder of Harrison by his brother, while his mother and himself looked on, and afterward joined in robbing him. On this testimony the three were arrested, and, at the following assizes, doubly indicted for robbery and murder. The presiding judge, Sir Charles Turner, refused to try them on the murder indictment, as the body had not been found; they were, however, arraigned on the charge of robbery, and *pleaded guilty*, on a vague impression that their lives would be spared. While in prison, John (the half-wit) persisted in the charge he had made, adding that his mother and brother had attempted to poison him for peaching. At the next assizes, Sir Robert Hyde, in consideration of the non-appearance of Harrison, tried them for the murder. On this trial John retracted the accusation, declaring that he was mad when he made it, and knew not what he said. Those were, however, the "good old days" when stealing a penny-loaf, or the presumption of having stolen a penny-loaf, was a capital offense in England, and when

"Wretches hanged that jury-men might dine."

The mother and both the sons were sentenced to death, and died protesting their innocence.

After these poor victims of ignorance had lain in the grave for three years, the murdered Harrison suddenly reappeared on the streets of Gloucester! In a letter to Sir Thomas Overbury, he accounted for his long absence by stating that, on returning home after the receipt of the rents, he was set upon by a gang of crimps, who forced him to the sea-shore, where they hurried him on ship-board, and carried him off to Turkey. There they sold him as a slave to a physician, with whom he lived for nearly two years, when, his master dying, he made his escape in a Hamburg vessel to Lisbon, and was thence conveyed to England.

Blame in this instance could not possibly attach to the missing steward; but what can we think of the heroine of another story—an heiress whose uncle was at once her guardian and her heir-at-law? One day, when he was correcting her for some offense, she was heard to say, "Good uncle, do not kill me," after which she could not be found; where-

upon the uncle was committed upon suspicion of murder, and admonished by the justices of the assize to find out the child by the next assizes. Against this time, having failed to find her, he brought another child like her in years and person, and appareled like the missing heiress; but, on examination, she was found not to be the true child. Upon these presumptions (which were considered to be as strong as facts that appear in the broad face of day), he was found guilty, and executed. But the truth was that the child, having been beaten, had run away, and afterward, when she came of age to have her land, appeared and demanded it, and was directly proved to be the true heir.

Nothing is more remarkable in these cases than the facility with which juries convicted and judges condemned on the slightest possible grounds of evidence. One sickens as one reads, for we cannot forget that, in the agony of degradation which accompanies judicial murder, it is far more terrible than that which leaves reputation stainless, though it takes life. How much innocent blood cries to God from scaffolds which have been erected in the name of Justice we can never know "till the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed," and those who have condemned shall stand before that mighty Judge whom no influence can corrupt, nor prejudice mislead. It would be possible to multiply greatly these examples, but there is only space for one more—that of a curious case in Gibraltar, which, says Mr. Phillips, "shows how ineffectively the romancist, even when his imagination is strained to the utmost, can portray the extremes of passion to which human nature is susceptible." It is of later date than any of the others, having occurred in the year 1841.

At that time a respectable merchant named James Baxwell lived in Gibraltar. He had removed thither in early life from London, principally because he was of the same religious faith as the people of his adopted country—in other words, a Catholic. For many years he occupied a small dwelling near the base of Mount St. Michael, so renowned for its caves and crystallizations. He carried on a successful traffic in all articles of British manufacture introduced into Spain, acquiring, indeed, a very considerable fortune in this way. All the country knew that he had a large amount of treasure lying by him, not to speak of the capital belonging to him, which was embarked in commerce. His name was one of credit in all the principal houses of exchange in Europe.

Besides his wealth, he had an only daughter of remarkable loveliness. The peculiar charms of English and Spanish beauty were combined in her to an unusual degree, and she had been for several years an object of devoted admiration to all the youths of Gibraltar. At church they devoured her with their eyes, and many thought that happy above all men would he be who could win the smiles of Elezia Baxwell. But Elezia bestowed her smiles on no one. She seemed to carry maidenly modesty to the extent of freezing coldness, and at mass her eyes were bent on her book, regardless of all the glances cast on her.

* It was not the custom in Jutland in those days—it is hardly the custom now—to lock up the house at night.

Love, however, can find a road to enter the coldest breast, and the icy maiden at length saw one who roused in her some of the emotion she had caused in others. This was a young Englishman named William Katt, who, having assured himself of the affections of the daughter, appeared as a suitor before the father.

"I am, like yourself, an Englishman," said he to the merchant. "I am of respectable family and character, young and wealthy. Give me your daughter; we love one another."

"It is impossible," replied James Baxwell. "You belong to the dominant religion of England, by which my fathers suffered so much and so long. You are a Protestant, and my daughter is a Catholic. Such a union could not be happy, nor will I ever give my consent to it. Elezia can never be yours!"

The daughter, informed of this declaration, threw herself at the feet of her father, and endeavored to move him from his purpose. Her lover did the same. But Baxwell remained obstinate, and a violent scene took place. Elezia declared that she would marry the object of her choice despite all opposition; her father declared that he would sooner kill her with his own hand than see her carry such a resolution into effect. As to William Katt, who stood by, he kept silence. What thoughts were revolving in his mind it would be difficult to say.

Two days afterward an alarming noise was heard to issue from a cave immediately adjoining the merchant's house, and used by him for some domestic purposes. The noise consisted of loud cries, which gradually became fainter, and at length altogether died away. The auditors looked at each other with amazement, and many were the conjectures as to the cause of the sounds. A solution of the mystery was not long in suggesting itself. Elezia had disappeared; she was no longer to be seen about her father's house. After many low murmurs had circulated, the father was interrogated respecting his daughter. He replied that she was missing, certainly; but whether she had gone he knew not. He had nothing whatever to do, he said, with her disappearance.

This explanation was not satisfactory. The whisper went about that James Baxwell had assassinated his daughter, to prevent her marriage with William Katt. Finally, this conjecture was so forcibly pressed on the attention of the public authorities that they were compelled to arrest Baxwell, and inquire into the matter. The dwelling of the merchant was examined, but nothing suspicious was found. "The cave! the cave is the place!" cried some of the crowd. The magistrates then descended into the cave, and there, on lifting some loose stones, they found a portion of Elezia's dress, sprinkled all over with blood, and a small quantity of her hair, clotted with gore.

Baxwell protested his innocence, but the proof seemed strong against him, and he was brought to trial. The result was his conviction for the murder of his daughter, and his condemnation to death.

On receiving this awful sentence, the unhappy merchant seemed overpowered by the

dreadful nature of his situation. He continued in a state of almost total insensibility during the interval between his trial and the day of execution. On the morning of the latter day, the jailer came to announce to him that the moment was at hand. At this he was seized with a fearful trembling, and cried again—what he had reiterated to all who saw him during his confinement—"Before my Maker, I swear that I am guiltless of my child's death!"

They led him out to the scaffold. There he found, among others, William Katt, who, it should have been said, was the most important witness against him at his trial, having repeated to the court the threat of death which Baxwell, in his presence, had uttered to Elezia. No sooner did the doomed merchant behold Katt than he paused at the foot of the scaffold and solemnly said, "My friend, in one minute I shall be in eternity. I wish to die in peace with all men. Give me your hand—I pardon you freely the injury your evidence has done me." Baxwell spoke with composure, but the effect of his words upon Katt was very striking. He became pale as death, and could not conceal his agitation.

Baxwell slowly mounted the steps of the gallows, and gave himself up to undergo death by the rope. According to the ancient custom of Gibraltar, the executioner commenced his duties by crying, in a loud voice, "Justice is doing! justice is done!" He then placed the black bonnet on the head of the condemned, and pulled it down in front so as to cover the eyes. He had just done this when he was stopped in his proceedings by a loud cry from the side of the scaffold:

"It is I who am guilty—I alone!"

The cry came from William Katt. The magistrate in attendance instantly called him forward and demanded an explanation. The young man avowed that he had carried off Elezia, with her consent, to be his wife, and that she was now residing not far off in concealment. But to her he did not communicate the measures he had taken to revenge himself on her father. He had cut off a portion of her hair while she slept, and clotted it with the blood of a lamb—also sprinkling in the same way a part of her dress which he had purloined. These articles he had placed in the cave, and there emitted personally those cries which had borne so heavily against the merchant. The generous pardon which Baxwell bestowed on him had awakened (he said) remorse in his breast, and compelled him to avow the truth.

This confession was partly made at the scaffold, and partly afterward. As soon as Katt had spoken out decisively, the executioner turned to Baxwell to take from him the insignia of death. The merchant, almost unobserved, had sunk down into a sitting posture. The black bonnet was drawn from off his eyes and head, and it was found that he was a corpse! No exertions had the slightest effect in awakening in him the spark of life. The physicians, saying all that they could on such a subject, declared that he had died from the effects of strong imagination.

William Katt was conducted to prison amid the clamors of the populace, there to

await judgment for his misdeeds, but what this judgment was we are not told.

It is added that Elezia, on learning her father's fate, retired to a convent for life—but, if she was married to Katt, it is impossible that she could have taken the veil in any religious order, except in case of his death. It is unquestionable, however, that few daughters have ever had greater need for repentance and penance.

If it be asked what healthy or useful moral can be drawn from these ghastly records of legal error, we may answer with an old maxim, which cannot be too strongly commended to the consideration of all those who are concerned in the administration of justice: *"It is better that ten guilty persons should escape than that one innocent should suffer."*

CHRISTIAN REID.

AMERICAN SUMMER RESORTS.

IV.

WEST POINT.

IF, after riding by rail to Garrison's, and crossing the Hudson in that sliding and half-helpless ferry-boat that conveys you to the West-Point dock, you are told upon landing, rendering yourself dependent by the surrender of your baggage-checks, and the payment of half a dollar for your ride to the hotel upon the plains above, that you must get into the omnibus and await the arrival of the Mary Powell with possible customers from below, I beg that you will not feel aggrieved even if the sense of wrong burn strong within you.

You can take full and ample satisfaction for the outrage (if you are so pleased to call it) by diligent looking. I assure you that you have but to raise your eyes from the brown visage of your calmly-villainous driver to forget your sorrows, and to be moved to peace and contentment.

Before you lies the mighty river, moving slowly and without a ripple to the sea. It feels the serenity of the sunset hour, and no breeze disturbs it. The opposite and very distant shore, formed of splendid hills, is bathed in the sunlight. At the edge of it, just at the other side, is a little white village, and you see it glittering, upside down, in the reddened water just beneath. The great hills, covered to their very tops with verdure, bear here and there upon their sides a house, whose peaked roof and wide piazzas, suggested by the merest dots of shade, look warmly hospitable. Far up the river and far down the river the eastern lands are nothing but green and sunlight. To the north, where the water makes that sudden westward turn, the hills become huge mountains, and they are filled with crevasses and gorges, whose gloom causes the peaks and jagged abutments far up in the air to seem to burn in the sun.

On the hither side of the water all is in shadow. The yellow rays shoot over the highlands above your head, and the air becomes cool even thus early in the evening. The rock and trees close behind grow sombre, and seem ready to drip with moisture.

Overhead the sky is blue and glorious, a little darker perhaps near the horizon, yet warm and refulgent everywhere. You hear no sounds save those that make the silence. The faint ripple of the tide against the piles beneath the wharf is only a hushing; the ringing of a distant church-bell, with its low, soft echo floating upon the air, is quietude itself; and any faint, far-distant voice is but a reminder that all is still. A warm and drooping sail floats out from behind the Point with the slowest motion, and its languid issuing from the regions that you cannot see is the-atically mysterious, and you revert to the coming of "Lohengrin" and half expect a climax, a dispersion, perhaps, of all these elements that so delight you. Helena gazed upon such a scene as this, and her soul arose into her face, and she became radiant. She clasped her hands upon her lap before her, and looked off over the water to the grand shore beyond. Then she repeated, in that low voice that has done so much sad work among younger men than I:

"A heaven there was for grander folk than we,
That fell to earth for lack of tenantry."

From the landing a military road winds up the side of the cliff, and there is a heavy rail, painted with the threatening regulation black, that secures you from falling into the abyss below. The first suggestion of the army, for which Helena has a somewhat idolatrous regard, our fair maid found in two eleven-inch shells that are used to balance the drop at the ferry, and now that these hints of quiescent war were multiplying she assumed the somewhat starched and mandatory air that marked her bearing during her entire stay in the martial region.

She was glad to see a cavalry-man in his blue pantaloons, tight jacket, and yellow helmet and accoutrements, together with a jangling sword, come down the road, a somewhat striking object in the shadows of the path; and it filled her with a national pride to look over the precipice and see the soldier-hostlers grooming fifty artillery-horses in a little glade half out of sight amid the shrubs and trees.

Upon reaching the great plain, she burst into exclamations of rapturous delight; considering her age, perhaps it was entirely natural that she should.

It was but a moment before sunset, and the cadets were upon their dress-parade on the great western lawn. Seated upon low chairs and field-seats was a bevy of ladies, whose gay dresses looked surprisingly brilliant against the thick green of the background, though not more so, perhaps, than did the colors of the corps, that hung drooping in the breathless air. The post-band was playing the grand national hymn of Russia, and nothing could have been more consonant with the breadth of the view, and the solemnity of the hour, than that splendid melody.

The last few warm rays of the sinking sun came down through the forests that crown the summit of the lofty hills upon the west, and shot through the upper boughs of the great elms at the edge of the parade.

A little of the glory fell upon a fine film of dust that had arisen from the roads, and

made it rosy-red; a little more fell upon the rigid front of the young battalion, and caused its steel arms and bayonets to gleam with blinding light, and yet a little more lit up the velvet sward with the most brilliant yellow, and strayed off in flecks and patches all over the darkening ground.

The music ceased, and hardly had the last strains died away when a field-piece, managed by five uniformed boys, belched a cloud of pearly smoke, together with an awful roar that rushed away across the river against the mountain; from there it was flung upon Cro-Nest on the other side, and then back upon the eastern heights once more. It did not rest even there, but it was banded on from mount to mount, running amuck among the bare, cold crags and wooded slopes until it seemed to be stilled in the bluish distance. But when the ear had given up the pleasure of catching the hollow and sweetly-muffled echoes, one more soft roar returned from a far-off hill, and so brought the gentle entertainment to an end.

Then there came the "Manual" by the troops, then more music, then the return to quarters. The sun had gone down behind the whitish Fort Put that overhangs the plain, and therefore the soldiers marched toward their tents in the early but quickly-deepening twilight. The brush-brush of their feet through the grass, the machine-like click of their accoutrements, heard when the music sank to softer keys, was the very spirit of unison, and it gave one a curious pleasure to listen to it.

The soldiers became lost amid the tents; the band, after a mild *fanfare* that caused a mad, swinging echo to rush back upon us from the mountains above, walked off together, a gaudy flock, toward their quarters under the edge of the parade to the north. The group of ladies dispersed under the plume-like trees, and were lost among the gardens of the cottages that line the smooth roads on the opposite side. Then the evening winds began to descend from the gloomy fastnesses and to move over the plain, followed by the murmur of the boughs and branches.

All the wide expanse was deserted. The domes of the gray library, the tower of the Academy Hall, the long, castle-like front of the quarters, looked as grave and as antique as the ruins of Thebes themselves, and no stranger would have dared to say that he was not in a foreign land.

"But, Jack, and my dearest uncle," said Helena, "pardon me, but you are hungry. You would like to take tea. I know that your sensibilities are losing their edge. Front! guide right! Aha!"

On the following morning—it was Sunday morning—it fell to my lot to call Helena. I knocked at the door of her parlor, but, getting no response, I ventured in.

She was there, but so intent was she upon looking from her window that she had not heard me. And no wonder. She was gazing upon one of the three or four best landscape-sights east of the Rocky Mountains—that ten-mile northward view upon the Hudson that begins at West Point and ends at the mountain-lap in which lies, faintly seen, the city of Newburg.

The immense watery road-way, hemmed in by mountains on either side, tinted by the reflection of the splendid sky, and ruffled here and there at intervals of miles and half-miles with the summer winds that breathed through the gorges in the cliffs, was grand and beautiful beyond the power of any eye to realize.

Helena was entranced by it. The wind stole in and moved the edges of her dress and the stray hair upon her forehead. She rested her cheek upon her hand, and her arm upon the side of the chair, and, sinking slightly, gave herself up to the subtle intoxication.

Would she not go down to breakfast?

"Breakfast!" (wondering); "no! oh, no!"

"Ah! but your sensibilities will lose their edge. Poets may eat!"

She silenced me by raising her eyes, and then slowly restoring them to the heavens, the earth, and the river.

I retired, and went away with Jack.

Before we had finished our meal, Helena came in and took her seat meditatively between us. She was far away. Her face was quiet, and her air was truly that of one inoculated with the sweet poison of beautiful externals.

The waiter brought her the breakfast-list, and she permitted her eyes to come in from out-of-doors.

(I forgot to say that one may look upon the scene described a moment ago from the windows in the dining-room.)

Then she said, "Chocolate and wheat," in the voice of a spirit, and again returned to her landscape. Indeed, there could not have been a more charming picture than the one she saw framed by the edges of the window-sash, and far be it from my purpose to intimate that she was or should be bound, under any circumstances, to do any thing else than to gaze upon it whenever she could or can. The waiter inquired whether he should bring toast or corn-bread, but, receiving nothing but an absent nod, shrewdly brought both at once, and placed them within her reach. Still wishing for instructions, he suggested (repeated *verbatim*):

"Eggs, in either of the various styles; or chops, ordinary or English, as you may desire?"

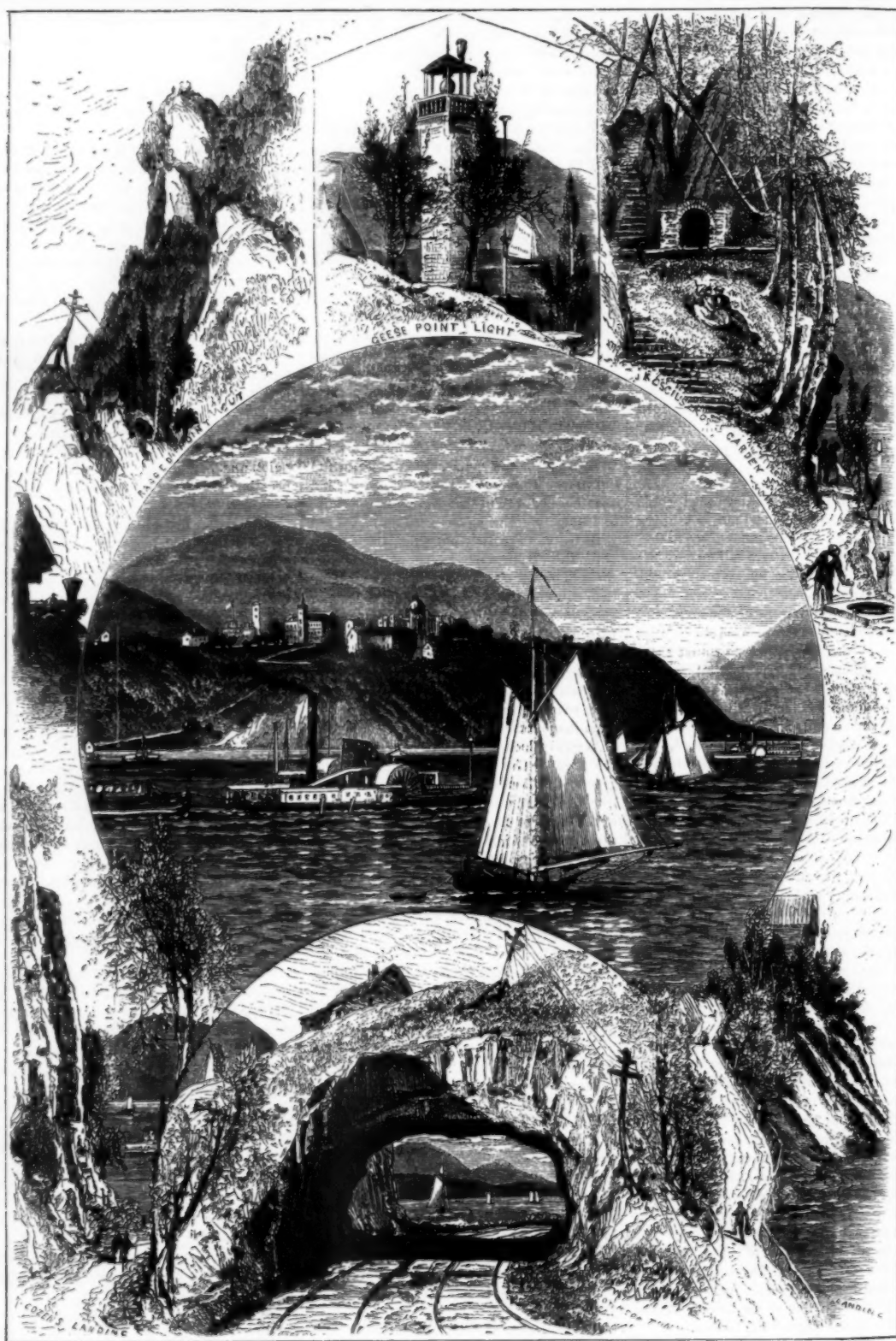
"Poached, and on toast," replied Helena, presently, and without in the least disturbing the repose of her face, or the longing expression of her eyes. There seemed to be a dual power at work within her, one element possessing purely æsthetic tendencies, and the other traces of a systematic grossness.

"Meats, madam?" suggested the capital waiter.

"English chops—done between," said Helena's lips, not Helena, "and olives."

She slowly took some wheat, and her hand faltered a little on the way to her mouth. There was a gentle contest in progress between a natural corporeal hunger and a hunger of the higher nature, and I must admit that the struggle of the latter was, to a certain extent, futile.

I went out upon the warm plain in front of the house to see the cadets at their morning parade, and afterward returned to give Jack some information. Helena's face was



WEST POINT, AND SCENES IN ITS VICINITY.

(From "PICTURESQUE AMERICA.")

still serene, but she was breaking her fast with great assiduity. The processes of eating and the processes of poetry were going on at one and the same instant. A nymph was about the world's business, and was entirely oblivious that she plied a busy fork. When the waiter placed still another temptation before her, something always induced her to yield to it, though the radiant state of semi-coma which she was in was never for an instant disturbed. The phenomenon was a curious one, but Jack, by aid of various devices, never permitted it to occur again.

West Point has its grand tour, its sights, and its legends, like all other spots that have fame in the guide-books. There is *Lovers' Walk*, a winding path that follows the river-coast, and that is full of sweet shades and tender perfumes; there are the monuments—to Kosciusko, and to Dade and his brave command, and the plain stone to Scott, in the cemetery; there are the bronze Mexican trophies upon the brink of the northern cliff, and the huge Blakely gun that came from Fort Fisher in darker days than these; there is the old fort, on the eastern side of the parade, with its ancient parapets still intact, and a mournful group of decaying gun-carriages within; there is a huge battery of eleven-inch, thirteen-inch, and fifteen-inch guns, so close to the water that it seems in danger of crumbling into it; and there is another half-way up the hill, whose six cannon point jealously to the north and frown perpetually. The guide-book also speaks of the two hundred and fifty cadets, their simple regimen, their iron discipline, and their unceasing labor; it also presses one to go to the room of trophies, where the regimental flags are hung drooping in the hot and stifling air, and where one sees, in models of guns and shots of horrible shape, how apt and skilled our nation has become in the arts of mutilating and destroying; also to the chapel, to read the names of the illustrious dead carved upon marble tablets, and to note in particular the blank shield over the balcony-rail, where Arnold's name once was, but, ignobly, now is not.

The martial features of the Point have a full and ample setting forth, and no one grudges the glory that accrues to it thereby; but it is impossible to repress a wish that there may rise a very king of words to describe the natural beauties of the place. It is required that there shall be a supreme song, or a book of sweet and incomparable prose, to which one may turn when he knows that his eyes are resting upon glories of earth and air that are far beyond the power of his feeble tongue to describe. There are scenes in this half-wild, half-tamed region, that cause one more despair than pleasure. They generate at first a modicum of delight, but at last they oppress with a torturing sense of failure to appreciate. One's fervor glows for a little while, but, as fresh grandeurs appear, the flame goes out, and the gazer is left groping, it may almost be said, in the darkness of too much light.

As one stands, for instance, upon the parapet of the old fort, and looks to the east at the lofty hills and highlands on the opposite side of the river, and permits his eyes to slowly follow the range toward the south, he

becomes so impressed with its extraordinary beauty that for the moment he is filled with ecstasy; he is covered with sunshine, countless birds sing in the trees beneath him, the long grass is filled with humming insects, and all is light and warmth; the sky is cloudless, the river is a sea of sparkles, and the air a very elysium of softness and perfume. He recalls the stirring legends of the place, he reinvests the mountains and the waters with those half-sad, half-glorious stories of his warring fathers, and he thinks for the moment that he sees all and feels for all.

A longer stay will undeceive him. He will gradually become conscious that he actually realizes but little, that his sympathies do not keep pace with the activity of his eyes, that he witnesses beauties and grandeur that his heart fails to receive. The measure of glory that he describes in the limitless heavens, in the purple retirement of the hills, in the quiet and satisfied repose of the earth, is not measured to him again so much joy. He turns away disheartened, and wanders listlessly in the midst of a paradise, knowing the value of his surrounding, yet unable, in the poverty of his soul, to gather enough for his satisfaction.

It is not meant that one suffers this disappointment in himself at West Point alone, but that the scenery there is always potent to produce it. Helena, generally apt with her pen, made but a few disconnected hints upon her paper, and then surrendered, and wandered on in dead silence, perpetually looking to the far-off south, or to the far-off east, or to the far-off north, or to the awful curtain of rocks that shut off the west and half the western sky.

We walked around the roads to the north—roads of whose existence one sailing upon the river would never dream, so hidden are they in the dense woods—and, gazing down into the valleys, beheld the little hamlet composed of the barracks of the soldiers of the regular army, and of the pretty, vine-clad cottages of the officers. A faint noise of a bugle came up the rugged cliff, and there were infantry-men to be seen marching and drilling upon a grassy plain. The village street was thronged with children, and the boys, with sticks for guns, were mocking the marching of their fathers.

It was a pleasant stroll, too, along the western boundary of the great parade, where, as upon the high-street of a country town, were built the polite houses of the best residents. There were officers and officers' ladies upon the piazzas, and also the scarlet chains demanded by the recent canon of good taste. The paths and the very roofs are covered with the arching branches of elm-trees, and flowers abound. At the end of this terrace, one turns to the left, and finds the huge and massive buildings that form the school, and beyond them a road that runs on for half a mile, full of shade and sunshine, to a lofty iron gate which marks the southern limit of the grounds.

It affords one an odd sort of pleasure to constantly meet with men of war, and to be reminded of their value in the world.

In this place (and nothing, perhaps, could be more natural) there is an almost constant

jingling of sabres and spurs, a perpetual recurrence of hoarse orders, and a continual coming into sight of platoons and squads of striplings in gray jackets and white pantaloons. An invisible line is wound about the buildings and grounds, and one walks in an ever-present fear of calling down upon his head from some unseen post or sentry-box a fierce military utterance:

"Visitors not allowed to go there!"

One yields to law and order in these precincts with a docility that often astonishes himself. It never occurs to him to resent a tone or to doubt the justice of a command, but he folds his hands, and obeys without lifting his eyes.

It was in the midst of a most delightful ramble about the grounds at the close of the day that Helena descried, sailing down from the northern sky, the inky forerunners of what is now known in the family history as "*Her Storm*."

She had wished for a vigorous tempest, in order that the fine view up the river, that she liked so well, might be properly and dramatically illustrated, and it seemed clear that she was about to be gratified.

The heavens that overhung the water ten miles off were thronged with flying clouds of the most sombre hue, and so rapidly did they approach, and so eccentric were their courses, that it was impossible to entirely repress a feeling of dread lest some horrible convulsion of the powers of the air should make itself felt about us.

We walked to the hotel and occupied windows that commanded the river and its mountains, and awaited in silence the coming of the tumult.

On the hither side of its advance-guard of flying scuds, all was warm and radiant with the light of the setting sun, except on the west, where the mountains, whose lofty and precipitous sides almost overhung the water, were darkened with shadow. The long slope where is the village of Cold Spring with its slender steeples; the grassy uplands covered with gardens, and dotted with villas; the awful declivities of the eastern heights; the broad surface of the river, placid and full of the reflected beauty of the sky, were bathed with a glorious radiance; even the summits of the western hills were covered with fiery brilliance, and between Cro'-Neat and Batterberg there flowed down through the low, soft valley a golden flood of light that paused upon the river, and caught the sails of some languid vessels that were slowly moving with the tide.

All was profoundly silent. The immense landscape lay in complete calm. Nothing was to be heard except now and then the calling of some sailor to his mate upon the river far below, or the whirr of some bird as it dashed through the heated air.

The storm approached with the greatest speed, and the clouds from the north were suddenly reinforced by dark and equally threatening masses from the west. Together they mounted the sky slowly, turning and struggling under the pressure of some fearful gale in the upper air.

Newburg, the town that lies upon the most distant land that can be seen in fair

weather, was now obscured by a gray veil that hung down from the sky and stretched across the whole northern view. Faint mutterings were heard far off among the mountains, and a soft, intermittent breeze came in sighs through the warm leaves beneath us. Fully one-half of the sky that was visible from where we sat became covered with the clouds in a space of three minutes, and this portentous screen was gathered into knolls and ridges that now approached each other, and now retired or dissolved.

Through a rent in the mass, a few miles off, the sunlight burst and illuminated a broad tract of land and water. Hardly had this happened, when one of the darkest of the clouds broke and fell in a long, dense shower. The current of drops was bent by the wind, and the cloud swept on, dragging its own substance like folds of draping muslin over the thirsty earth.

It now began to thunder in earnest, and the very hills bellowed. One cloud after another poured itself upon the mountains and into the river, and the damp, fresh breaths from the drenched forest came gratefully in at the windows.

A moment later the sun became obscured, and the lightning flashed almost incessantly. Between us and the farthest point on the river that our eyes could reach, there were four storms of rain, and four stretches of calm.

It grew darker and darker, until we sat in a gloom that was nearly deep enough to conceal us from each other. Never were clouds more black or more heavily laden. They rushed upon and into each other, emitting the most vivid flashes, and these were instantaneously followed by the most frightful roars. The rain poured down in whitish, steely sheets, the boughs of the trees tossed as if they were ready to fly into the very heavens, the earth shook with the repeated shocks of thunder, and the yellow gleams of the lightning came so rapidly one after the other that Helena uttered a scream and covered her face with her hands. It actually seemed for five minutes as if the end of all things had finally come. The mountains were lost in the clouds, and the clouds themselves were as dense as the mountains; the river below was only a part of the ocean above, and through the black confusion forks of fire played to and fro with a malignant rapidity. The noise was more than deafening; it came from every quarter, and the very earth roared.

It was not too much to expect, when the clouds broke once more, to find the landscape in ruins, with all the forests prostrate, and all the mountains shivered and tumbled together. The lifting of the rain-curtain, and the struggling emergence of the sun upon the splendid scene, caused Helena a pure and positive ecstasy, and she brought out her quill and ink-pot, and essayed a little description. She wrote until the last cloud had swept away to the south, and she kept Jack up until eleven o'clock annotating Wordsworth and Sir Walter Scott, and she wrung from him an unbiased opinion that her description possessed points that none of theirs did. She then permitted him to retire.

ALBERT F. WESTER.

MY STORY.

A NOVEL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PATTY."

(From Advance-Sheets.)

CHAPTER XXXV.

AN UNWELCOME TÊTE-À-TÊTE.

It was almost horrible to feel so inclined to cry and laugh at once.

Captain Brand came up and shook my hand with such open delight in his face that all my old dislike to him came back; and that absurd Monsieur Dupont went through a pantomime of bows that was suggestive of a monkey saluting an elephant. Madame Dupont was calmly majestic. She let her eyes rest on Captain Brand's tall figure with a glance that might mean approval or patronage. If there is such a sensation as cold pleasure, I should say that it was an habitual one with this lady.

Captain Brand seated himself, and then Madame Dupont's face showed a warmer shade of interest as she turned it to Madame La Peyre.

"You will remember that the snails must be boiled," she said.

I was sitting opposite Captain Brand. He smiled; but I would not laugh; I thought, in my contradiction, that he ought not to do so, and I turned away to talk to Monsieur Dupont.

"Yes, yes, Madame Dupont knows—the chickens are gourmands," he says. "They like their food cooked, and well cooked. Yes, yes—in England, I believe, you do not care much for the cooking; you eat the meat half roasted. *Mon Dieu!* I should die of hunger"—he gave a shudder of disgust; but I was too much disturbed to be patriotic, and I did not contradict his assertion.

To my dismay, Madame Dupont rose up and gave a glance at her much lesser half.

"We must not keep the horse, my friend; he takes cold easily, and we have far to go. We hope that Madame La Peyre will do us the honor of returning our visit."

Monsieur Dupont looked at his wife with genuine admiration. I fancy her speech was rather an unusually long one.

"Yes, my friend, you are quite right," he said, "we must go.—Madame"—he bowed profoundly to Madame La Peyre, and then, twisting round on his heels so as to face me, he bowed again—"and mademoiselle, I present to you my homage, and I join my prayer to that of Madame Dupont, that you will honor St. Antoine with your presence"—Monsieur Dupont looked at the captain, but there was no response in his face; and finally the little man bowed himself to the door of the *salon*, which he held open for his wife and Madame La Peyre.

I was in such terror at the idea of being left alone with Captain Brand that I went after them to the door of the *salon*, in the hope of escape.

"Stay here till I come back, Gertrude"—Madame La Peyre gave me such a winning smile, and shut the door on me.

I went back to my chair, and sat down. When I parted from Captain Brand I really liked him, and felt at ease in his society; but I was a child then. So much has happened since that I feel years older. I shrink from him much more than I did then. I believe two chief things which have caused this change in me toward him are, my father's letter, and the knowledge that I am dependent on Captain Brand.

The silence grows irksome, so irksome and unbearable that at last, in despair, I speak:

"You have come sooner than you said you would, when you were at Merdon."

I cannot look at him. I do not want to see that he is glad to see me, when I so shrink from him.

He brings a chair near me, and sits down. "Yes, I have come sooner. I could not help it, Gertrude." He speaks so gently and quietly—so exactly as if he knew how perplexed I am. I feel wicked, and this attempt at soothing is irritating. "I felt that we must talk together over your father's letter. He says he has written to you by the same post."

He pulls out a letter, and gives it to me, and then pushes his chair a little back.

I longed to refuse to read it; but I could not show disrespect to my father before Captain Brand; and there might be a loop-hole of escape in what he had written.

Captain Brand got up and looked at the old cabinet, at the screens, and at last he went to the window, while I sat trying to take in the contents of what I was reading.

As I read, I felt indeed humiliated.

This letter must have given Captain Brand a very unworthy idea of my father; it was so unworthy of him that, when I had at last read it all through, I could neither look up nor speak.

My father had been to me the model of a true gentleman—so noble, so honorable, so courteous and refined; but this letter filled me with a terrible doubt. I only knew my father in his own home, and I had seen very little of him. What if my knowledge of him was merely ideal, and if his real nature was that which lay revealed to my wounded feelings in this letter in my hand?

The patronizing tone, the (as I thought) almost fulsome thanks for Captain Brand's kindness and care for us on board the *Adelaide*, and then, when he came to speak of money, the easiness with which he accepted obligation, and the interference he ventured on, filled me with shame: he actually named the sum which he considered should be placed by Captain Brand at my own disposal! I thought of his letter to me; in that he said, "he wished me to consider myself fortunate in marrying Captain Brand," and yet here he makes Captain Brand feel that I have condescended in marrying him, and that this condescension must be paid for—just as if I were to be bought by a yearly allowance. What shall I do? My lips are trembling, and I feel tears coming. No, I cannot speak to Captain Brand about that hateful allowance. I can only spend as little as possible, and pay it all back when I am free.

He comes and sits down again.

"Well, Gertrude," he says, as I give back the letter, "you have also received one?"

"Yes." I remember a few sentences of that letter, and I get crimson. "I cannot show it to you, it is quite private, and—"

"There is no need; perhaps it was not necessary to show you this, only I would not willingly keep any thing from you. Gertrude, if I understand you at all, you much value frankness and openness, and I wish to place my position quite openly before you."

I turned red with shame. Yes, frankness and openness were just the two qualities I hoped I was gifted with; my mind seemed to go into chaos; myself in theory was such a very different being from myself in practice. What a series of wretched, despicable little deceits my life had been lately! But still my anger was far more against Captain Brand than against myself; but for him deceit would not have been needed; he has caused all this, and he is responsible for it. I just bowed in answer; it would have been very difficult to meet his eyes without confusion, and he went on:

"After what you said to me on board the *Eclair*, I felt that, though it would have gone much against my inclination—indeed it would have been a grief to me—still, if Mr. Stewart had expressed a wish to take charge of you till I was free to do so myself, I must have sent you back to him; but you see, I hope, my dear child, that this is impossible; your father does not wish 'you to return to him.'"

I sat silent, trembling with anger and fear; those words, "take charge of you myself," had made this marriage which I would not believe in, a reality.

"You agree with me in this?"

"Yes," I said, in a sad, constrained voice, for I remembered too well how very distinct my father had been on this point in his letter to me.

"Well, then, tell me frankly, Gertrude, are you happy with Madame La Peyre? My—my dear child, consider only yourself in the matter; your happiness is more important than any thing else."

There was such a strange tone of constraint in his voice that a new hope came.

No man who loved a woman, and cared to make her his wife, could talk in this cold, matter-of-fact way about her happiness; with a few exceptions, all that I have seen of Captain Brand gives me the notion that a tiresome sense of duty inspires every thing he says and does. Is his feeling for me a duty also? and is he going to have me for a wife because of his promise to my mother?

"Captain Brand," I begin; a headstrong impulse to ask for my freedom has seized me.

He interrupts me at once.

"If you are happy here, my dear, I am contented to leave you. I like what I have seen of Madame La Peyre, and I believe this is a pleasant part of France; but, if you are not happy, I will either take you to my mother—I cannot place my wife with a stranger"—this is in answer to the dislike which shows at once in my face—"or there is yet another way"—he stops a minute, and I hold my breath in an intensity of expectation. Is he going to set me free? My heart beats so fast that I feel choked.

He goes on presently with a sort of effort:

"I think I told you that if I take command of the ship now offered me I must be away a year or more, but—but I can give up this ship, Gertrude, and—and"—his voice faltered till it sounded weak and timid—"I can stay in England with you."

There is no need for him to be more explicit; while he speaks I look up quickly in a desperate hope of finding that I was right, and that he really is indifferent.

Ah me! the revelation in his face—there are things for which no words can be found, and even when the picture is painted in words, it may entirely fail in conveying truth.

There was a look of appeal—of earnest tenderness, which told me that he loved me.

Why did I not speak out boldly then? Five minutes before, when he stopped me, the words were on my tongue, quivering with impatience to get free; and now I felt so strong a recoil—such an intense shrinking from him—that I only longed to get away. No, nothing could make me speak to Captain Brand of our marriage, or in any way acknowledge that I consider him to be my husband.

Looking back now, I see my folly; a grain of cool common-sense would have saved me, and would have spared much pain and evil-doing. My age and my ignorance, I suppose, were some excuse, and also my selfishness, for I only thought of myself and my own feelings; but the real reason which chained my tongue into silence, which I had no power to overcome, was that I could not confess to him my love for Eugène. Even now—and I have some gray hairs, and many lines traced by thought and sorrow on my forehead, and are not thought and sorrow the great teachers of truth?—even now a warm blush rushes to my face as I think of the possibility of such a confession at that moment. I had no thought then that Captain Brand's own love for me might have softened him. I only dreaded his anger and my own shame in the avowal.

But I dared not stop to think, for fear he should read my silence wrongly.

"Oh, no! I am happy here, and I wish to stay with Madame La Peyre. I love her; she is so sweet and gentle."

He sighed.

My heart hardened suddenly; there was to me something fearfully absurd in a big, brown man like Captain Brand sighing or being in any way sentimental. I cannot—I will not go on with this talk. If Madame La Peyre does not come in two minutes, I shall go away.

As I set this down in my diary, I wonder if there are people in the world—I do not know what the world is, unless it is the people one sees in railways, and that I caught a vision of in the streets of Havre and London, and that I used to see and hear of in Hobart Town. The world—what is it? Every one talks of it; some people try to do what it thinks right. My old nurse used to say that it was good not to do as the world did, so it must be something—it must be real; but for this I should be inclined to think it was all talk, and that just the few people one's life brings each one in contact with must be each one's world; but then the Catechism says,

"Renounce the pomps and vanities of this world." Now, except Rosalie, who I am sure is not good, there is no one wicked in my world.

To go back to my wonderings. Are there people in the world who are always consistent—who always act as they plan to act beforehand—or is it only I who am so miserably weak and impulsive that I am sure to have something to be sorry for afterward whenever I have been called on to act for myself? It was just the same when I was going to consult Mr. Donald; if I had acted out the quiet, calm behavior I had prescribed to myself, he would never have said he loved me; if, when I am with Captain Brand, I could be always cold and dignified, instead of growing quite friendly with him, as at Merdon, or, as I am to-day, so conscious and frightened that he treats me like a child, he would before this have understood my aversion, and he would altogether dislike the idea of making me his wife. What is there in him that always checks me and makes me act against my own will?

He has gone to the window again, and stands fidgeting with the great clumsy bolt, so I have time to recover myself.

I see now that that was a mischievous impulse that seized me to speak openly. I believe it was prompted by Captain Brand's belief in my frankness, in my foolish vanity, for I begin to see that this weak desire to be justified in the opinion of others is vanity. I was going to tell him every thing, and put myself completely at his mercy, just to show that I can be frank. Ah! my father did me a cruel injury when he wrote that letter; I cannot feel free and independent with Captain Brand as I felt at Merdon; I am like a captive in his presence, and he holds the end of my chain.

"Do you know when the abbé and—and his pupil are to return to Château-Fontaine?" He said this so abruptly, without even turning round, that I started, and then I felt angry. This is the first time that Captain Brand has spoken to me of Eugène.

"This is not their home; they live in Paris."

I think I have spoken for once with dignity, and I hope he has perceived it, for he keeps silence again. A nice, lively sort of husband he will make whenever he really gets a wife; silence, staring, and sighing, seem to be his ways of proceeding; and, at first, with me he used to try scolding, until he found I would not submit to be lectured.

All at once he comes close up to me, and says, very gently:

"Won't you sing me a song, Gertrude? It gives me such pleasure to listen to you. I often think of your songs."

Why does not this man take the trouble to understand me? I can see through him easily enough; but he is denser than I thought if he supposes I can sing when my heart has been jumping in and out of my throat all through this miserable half-hour.

Away flies my calm dignity again.

"I can't sing," I say, pettishly; "I have not a bit of voice. I have been talking all the morning, first with Mrs. Dayrell, and then with those French people, and—and I am quite hoarse."

Captain Brand stands quietly before me, studying my face. Presently he says, in the calmest way:

"Never mind now, then, but I must have a song by-and-by. Suppose we go and find Madame La Peyre?"

I was careful not to look up. I should have shown such lively gratitude at my release, and Captain Brand is so undiscerning, that he might have thought I was pleased with him.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

FOUND OUT.

"ONLY two days more," I said next morning while I dressed myself, "and then I shall say my last good-by to Captain Brand. I will write to him directly I have seen Eugène, and tell him never to come near me again."

I smile at myself in the glass. If Madame La Peyre takes possession of him as she did yesterday, these two days will pass over easily. I suppose they were talking business, but they went about like a pair of lovers.

I was so glad to be free even of dear Madame La Peyre. While it lasted, that uncomfortable talk with Captain Brand made me forget Madame Dupont's news; but it soon came back, and I went to bed with it as my last thought, and this morning woke with that glad sensation of coming joy which reality rarely equals.

There will certainly be a letter from Eugène this morning. He would not take me by surprise; besides, she would not rob me of the pleasure of watching and waiting for him.

I am tempted to go down to the gate this morning, and then the dread of meeting Captain Brand and getting into another *tête-à-tête* checks me. No; I will abide by the resolution I made yesterday. I will have no more deceit. If there is a letter, let it come openly; Madame La Peyre will give it to me, and I can tell her as much as I choose, but I will have no more underhand dealings.

Somehow, I will keep in my thoughts Captain Brand. I was not altogether absorbed yesterday; and his manner toward Madame La Peyre and toward the Curé of Fontaine, who came up to dine at the château, drew my attention toward him. I have felt a strange power in him before now; but I have never before been able to isolate myself so as to study him quietly when he is with others. People say two things as if they were facts: one is, that a woman always knows when a man is in love with her; and the other, that love takes away a man's wits. I believe both these sayings in the case of Captain Brand. I do not think I am silly enough to fancy a man in love with me when he is not. I can cite Mr. Newton and Mr. Donald as proofs of this; and the very trouble with which I have tried to convince myself of Captain Brand's indifference might show me that I believe in my heart that he loves me. I know it now, beyond a doubt—that look yesterday was convincing; I feel angry when I recall it. The other saying stands on even stronger ground. I understand now why I dislike so much to have to talk alone with Captain Brand, and

why I shrink from telling him the truth. His manner toward other people is quite different from his manner toward me; he is never hesitating or constrained. I could not have called him gentle yesterday, when he was correcting that poor old curé's ideas about England and the English, he was so decided in contradicting. He gives me the idea of being powerful, very brave, very capable, essentially strong-minded, and determined.

While I sat watching him I trembled. I felt that if I were to say, "Captain Brand, I can never be your wife—I do not love you well enough," he would perhaps not be angry with me, because I really think it would pain him to grieve me; but all his hesitating gentleness would vanish; he would look at me in that masterful way he had on board the Adelaide, that he had always till I got to Merton, and say, "Never mind, my dear child; don't trouble yourself about that, it will all come right; when I come back from this voyage it will be time enough for you to begin to love me."

With such a character, frankness and candor would be thrown away. Now I see why books say that women manage men so much more than men manage women. A certain amount of deceit is forced on them by the stubbornness of men.

On the whole, I really do think more highly of Captain Brand than I did before he came here—or, rather, I think I have gone back to my old idea of him at the time of the shipwreck, being encouraged to this by the behavior of others. Madame La Peyre and the curé were consulting him all dinner-time about Château-Fontaine and the management of some troublesome villagers, and about damp, and various other things, and he seemed to understand every thing, and I felt that if he were only not Captain Brand, I should be proud of him—he seemed just the friend I wanted—a sort of rock to cling to in my perplexity.

I can now understand my dear mother's liking for him, only she forgot that a man may have all the qualities necessary to inspire esteem and yet not be one bit lovable. As a friend, I could like Captain Brand very much; as a husband, I should simply hate him.

I always think much of any one who gives me new ideas. Angélique does this. I believe I have learned more from her about myself than I ever knew before. She has taught me to think, and not only to dream on in a wandering fashion; but yesterday, while I sat listening to Captain Brand, I realized that he looks at life as something we are answerable for, and evidently he thinks that his time and all that he has belong to other people more than to himself. I never thought of this before, and when I get time I shall see if it applies to me.

I suppose this shows that he is what is called a good man. No, oh, no, he cannot be truly good; no good, high-minded man would have taken advantage of a dying woman's fears and a young girl's grief and helplessness to marry her without being quite sure that she would do it. When I recall all this, I wonder at my own civility to Captain Brand. If I had not been a coward I should

show him openly my abhorrence of his conduct.

This feeling has nothing to do with Eugène. I had it before I ever saw him.

Eugène! his name always makes my heart beat. I shut up my diary, and I go quickly into my little study. Rosalie is there flapping about a duster. The fire is not yet lighted.

"Mademoiselle is very early," says Rosalie, the first of all.

I do not answer. After all, I will go out. It is easy to avoid Captain Brand if I see him coming, and I get my book and soon reach the bottom of the winding path through the shrubberies.

I go on leisurely through the park beneath the tall trees; some of these are huge, sombre pines, so that the branches under which I pass are not all bare. The sky overhead is very pale; Morning looks as if she had not been to sleep, but had kept a cold vigil.

Under my feet the grass crackles with a pleasant, frosty sound; it scares a bright-eyed hare which was peeping timidly forward from the waste beyond. When I reach the winding water near the gate the sound of the water-fall is hushed, and I see that the stream is frozen over. I have not wrapped myself warmly, but I do not feel the cold. Such a certainty possesses me that I should soon see Eugène, that the blood is dancing in my veins.

I stop at the gate. Old Matthieu is pacing up and down there. The old man stands still, takes off his cap, and makes me a low bow. What a comical, brown, wrinkled face he has, and such great ears, with little gold rings in them!

"Mademoiselle is well this morning? Ah, yes; it is not necessary to ask it. Ma'm'selle is fresh as a rose!"

"I see there is frost," I say. I cannot think of any wiser observation. I wonder why every Frenchman thinks it necessary to pay a woman a compliment.

"Yes, yes!" He wrinkles his face and shrugs his shoulders together, till he looks like an old mummy. "Mademoiselle does not like frost, nor I either, and yet Monsieur le Curé has said to me that frost is good and to be desired, because of the roses and the fruit-trees. Frost may kill caterpillars and insects, but it is possible also to kill *concièrges* by the same means when they are old, and they have rheumatism." He stoops here to rub his knees tenderly.

"Why, then, do you come out so early, Matthieu?"

The wiry old figure stands erect at once, and fixes his sharp, black eyes on my face.

"Ah, mademoiselle"—he waves his wrinkled hands—"when mademoiselle is as old as I am, she will know that habit is a thing not to be overcome; it has always been my habit to move about and take the air. *Bon*, if I stay in-doors I stifle! While I was young I was at the château as my son is"—here he shrugs his shoulders again. "*Bon*, I considered it my duty to come down every morning for the letters and carry them to the house. What will you? My son likes better to save his legs, and, since I am too old and too lame to climb the hill easily, madame

has said the *facteur* may mount to the château.

"And yet you come still to meet the post-man?"

Matthieu nodded, and closed his sharp eyes.

"I should come whether the *facteur* comes or not—that is what I tell mademoiselle; it is not I who come, it is habit which brings me."

"You are more industrious than your son. Matthieu seems lazy."

The *concierger* looks troubled.

"I do not know," he said; "every thing changes so much, that perhaps the men and women change, too. Years ago it took three days to get to Paris, now I hear the people say you can go in a few hours; a house can be built now in a few weeks, instead of being more than a year getting ready, and yet, mademoiselle, I do not think the workmen or the servants work harder than they used to; they spend more, and they are more idle, but their days are not so long nor so happy as ours were when we were young."

"Well, Matthieu," I begin, "you see I am young, so I, of course, side with the new order of things, and"—I fancy I was going to say something wise, but I stop.

In front of me, coming up the road from the village, is Captain Brand, swinging a wet towel in his hand.

"Ah!" he smiles, brightly, "I fancied I should like to try the river this morning. What an early riser you are, Gertrude!"

He speaks so freely, and takes such an intimate tone, that I determine not to walk back to the house with him.

"Do you know Matthieu?" I say; "he is our *concierger*, and he is such a wise old man."

Captain Brand nods, and Matthieu, though he is standing bareheaded with his cap in his hand, bows reverently, as if he understood my words.

I turn to make my escape.

"Oh, please don't go away," says Captain Brand; "you seem to think I can speak French as easily as you can, and I am in great want of help."

It is the first time that he has ever seemed to want help; he has a horrible accent, but he talked glibly enough on board the *Eclair* and at Havre. The wind comes rushing up the hill from the river; it is icy cold, standing there by the gate.

Captain Brand says something to Matthieu, but I cannot make out his words.

"Plait-il, monsieur," the old man says, respectfully.

"I told you so," the captain says, laughing. "You will have to interpret for me."

"I was not listening," I answer, coldly.

He does not seem at all vexed by my indifference. I dislike such extreme good temper or self-control, or whatever it is that makes him so masterful. I believe nothing I could ever say or do could enrage Captain Brand.

He repeats his question, and I pass it on to Matthieu.

"Ah, but no;" the wrinkled, brown face smiles and bows to both of us, and the gold rings in his ears shake and glitter.

"Monsieur et madame, it is not damp in the park; it is damp only inside the cottage, *ma foi*. There must be something, and it is not always, monsieur"—he draws himself up, and his keen little eyes brighten—"that a *concierger* has a house with five windows and three doors to it. Has monsieur, then, seen the cottage of the *concierger* at St. Antoine? Ah, bah! it is a rat-hole beside our cottage; fitter for a mouse than a man."

Captain Brand smiles.

"Yes, yes, your windows have an imposing appearance, but I should think they let in draughts, and I fancy one door would do."

Matthieu clears his throat and waves both hands. I see that another long speech is coming, and that Captain Brand must stop and listen to it; so I move softly on to the grass just behind me, and walk swiftly away under the larches.

Not so swiftly as to be unnoticed, for Captain Brand turns round and looks after me. I go on faster, and, as soon as the trees screen me, I set off running as fast as I can. When I reached the grassed slope, I found the frozen grass very slippery, and I fell twice before I reached the top; but I only hurt my hands a little, and I got safely to my room without meeting the captain.

It was rather rude to run away; but then, if I had stood much longer in that wind, I should certainly have taken cold; and, besides, we shall not breakfast for some time yet, and I am not fond of talking before breakfast.

I soon satisfied myself with these excuses, and I was glad to find my coffee waiting in my room; for my rapid scramble up-hill had tired me. Captain Brand's manner to Matthieu set me thinking about Eugène. I wonder why he is so haughty to inferiors; he used to speak to Matthieu the younger as if he were a dog; but then this may be customary in France with young men. If it is thus, I like English ways best. We are not so familiar with our servants, but I do not think we could ever speak to them so insolently. Perhaps I may be able to influence Eugène about this—I break off here in confusion—no, I must be much older and wiser than I am now before my advice can be of use to any creature.

At breakfast-time Captain Brand is unusually lively, and he talks enough for me and himself, too.

"Ah, Miss Runaway"—he smiles at me while I am saying "Good-morning" to Madame La Peyre—"you missed a great deal of sage advice this morning; the *concierger* grew quite eloquent after you left; and then came the postman, and told us all the news of Caudebec. He said a carriage from Lillebonne, last evening, had driven down-hill too fast; it upset, and the pole was broken. No one could be found to mend it but Monsieur Matthieu the blacksmith, who it appears is in no way related to Matthieu the *concierger*."

"Ah! no, indeed," says Madame La Peyre; "he is a very fine, big man, Monsieur Matthieu, of Caudebec."

"And Monsieur Ferbonblanc the tinman has again beaten his wife," Captain Brand goes on.

"Ah, *mon Dieu*! it is sad," cries Madame

La Peyre, lifting up her pretty hands; "that little man has always been a *mauvais sujet*."

A little while after Rosalie came in with the letters. I was wondering why she brought them—this seemed to be one of the few duties which Matthieu roused himself to perform—and I looked up at her; her light, yellow-fringed eyes were fixed on me with an expression that made me turn away at once. She looked perfectly spiteful as she put the letters down before Madame La Peyre.

"Ah, pardon, madame," she said, when she had waited for Madame La Peyre to look at them, "but there is one for mademoiselle, and I think I must give it to mademoiselle herself, for she has been so anxious to get it from the *facteur*."

She walks slowly round the table, stops behind my chair, and drops the letter in my plate.

When my hair is quite white, and my face quite wrinkled, and I am an old, infirm woman, forgetting alike the joys and sorrows of my life, I am sure I can never forget those awful minutes; the stump, stump, stump of Rosalie's heavy shoes seemed to be stamping on my heart, as they echoed on the bare, wooden floor. All the blood in my body flew up into my face; the room itself was going round, and I had a choked feeling in my ears and throat. I did not hear or see any thing; even the letter on my plate was a mere white patch in a sort of blurred indistinctness around me.

No one spoke. Then I saw, as if I were in a dream, madame and Captain Brand gazing at me with shocked, startled faces; and then Captain Brand was bending forward and speaking to Madame La Peyre.

I hardly know how I got courage to move; but I rose up, took my letter, and walked out of the room without saying a word.

MISCELLANY.

MINOR ORIGINAL ARTICLES, TRANSLATIONS, AND SELECTIONS.

FOUNDLING HOSPITALS IN ITALY.

THE great and imposing pile of building which rises on the banks of the Tiber, near the bridge of St. Angelo, known as the Hospital of San Spirito, is one of the many munificent and benevolent bequests of past ages, so benevolent and good in their intention, that we shrink with pain from pointing out the mischief they are doing. If departed spirits continue, as some of us believe, to take an interest in mundane affairs when they have cast off this mortal body, they must grieve, indeed, to see those who would do them honor clinging to the letter of their bequests, instead of recognizing and making use of the knowledge that succeeding centuries of human labor and research have added to our little stock of science.

On entering this great hospital, you stand in a square hall facing an altar, with high glass doors on each side opening into halls of grand and gigantic proportions. The great height of the building was immensely in its favor, for the ventilation was complete, and no unpleasant odor could offend the most fastidious visitor. Through the fever-wards our guide conducted us without hesitation, with the remark, "No fever is infectious; were it consumption, it might be otherwise;

that ward we won't take you to." So strong is the Italian prejudice as to the infectiousness of consumption, that only when we insisted that we feared no evil consequences from proximity to that sad complaint, were we allowed to enter the long room set apart for it. Children were in wards by themselves—a bad plan, inasmuch as it is now recognized that mortality is much increased by herding children together; besides, when mixed up with the old, they mutually cheer and amuse one another.

In an inner court of this vast building we find the largest foundling hospital of Rome now open to our inspection, and we do not remember having looked on any thing more unpleasant and saddening. Here we have nothing short of the good intentions of one age becoming the curse of another. Through a well-barred door we were admitted, after much parleying, by a brisk little nun, into a great quadrangle. From a sunny gallery that surrounds this inner court we entered a number of large, airy rooms, all too sadly alike in their mournful and forlorn aspect. The material appearance was good enough; most perfect cleanliness visible everywhere. The many little cots so scrupulously clean, with their white sheets and white dimity curtains, each contained three poor, abandoned infants, who, swaddled so tightly that no limb could move, looked more like wooden dolls, with india-rubber necks and faces, than like the stretching, cowering, soft little bundles English mothers are accustomed to fondle. A tidy, healthy-looking woman is attached to each cot as wet-nurse. Though the cleanliness was great to the outer eye, we could not say in what state the little limbs and bodies were kept cramped in this bundle, which is opened but three times a day. The only convenience of this unhealthy mode of clothing seemed to be that one woman could manage three of them at once, or rather, we should say, hold three, for we defy the strongest-armed and strongest-nerved woman to manage even two restless infants when crying with pain. The superintendence of the whole is in the hands of Sisters of Mercy, kind and conscientious, no doubt, but unknowing in the pangs and joys of a mother's heart. They are assisted by a young doctor, who is here studying infant mortality on a large scale, that he may gain experience whereby to keep in health the precious infants of the more fortunate of the great city. These little ones pass the first year of their life here. At a year old, those who have had vitality enough to survive are put out to nurse among the peasants in the country. From two to nine a day is the number that seek admission. The first duty performed is to baptize these poor little outcasts; and, as we entered, we met eight strong nurses, each returning from the church with her tiny burden of swaddled humanity, now duly admitted as a member of the great brotherhood of love and equality. And surely one must believe in their creed to be able to see the compensation in store for the sufferings these little ones have to endure. Under the existing system there seems nothing to prevent a mother depositing her infant, and then hiring herself as wet nurse, trusting to a turn of fortune's wheel to give her her own to suckle, though she must follow it pretty quickly if she wish to find it again among the hundred or so of mewling and puking atoms. Let us hope there may be sometimes some such bright oasis of real love in this desert of suffering. We have no word of approval for this kind attempt to remedy artificially the evil consequences of the heedlessness that brings children into this world of suffering, under circumstances that cruelly forbid a mother's love and care. For a mother's love and care can alone bear successfully with all the difficulties of dawning life, and detect rapidly every change and indication of ap-

proaching illness. It is no wonder, then, that, in the absence of this never-tiring and quick-sighted love, fifty per cent. die under three months old, as the doctor carelessly remarked as we gazed into a little cot where an infant had already passed beyond crying, while another still uttered the cry of pain that tells a mother's heart it is yet struggling for life. Other cots exhibited every variety of sickly and starved babyhood. Poor little wizened faces, open mouths, and moaning cries, made one intensely melancholy for the suffering still to be endured before death kindly put an end to their agonies. And why should they not die? Why, indeed? No one needs them; and their abandonment proves that those who should most have loved them will not miss them. Looking from the window, the streets teem with young life; and why should any one wish an addition to that mass of pain and wretchedness? Better, indeed, to die; but for the thousands it would surely have been better still had they never been born.

It is time that the old theological idea, that each life is a gift from God, should be modified, and that we should recognize children as the result of a voluntary act. At the same time, until public opinion asserts the necessity of love in connection with duties and responsibilities, and until science and a sense of duty have spread their wings over the whole of our poverty-stricken population, let us cast no stones at those heedless and forlorn, or maybe only sad and weary, women who come and deposit their new-born infants in the hole in the wall through which they are admitted to this living grave. They are as much the victims of their circumstances as the poor babes they have borne; and the blame, if blame there be, must attach rather to those who, while they see, or fancy they see, a solution of our great social problems, hold their peace from cowardice or indifference.

At Palermo we visited another of these institutions, which has been working its mischief for nearly three centuries. The infant department is carried on on much the same plan as the one at Rome, except that the infants were not swaddled, and that many more of those admitted are sent out to nurse in the country. The pay given to the peasant-women who take charge of these infants is fourpence a day for the first fifteen months, and, after that, three farthings a day; and great must be their poverty when, in the hope of some little gain, they are eager to undertake the charge of these babies. When the foster-parents are tired of them, they can always be brought back to the institution and pass into a school in the same building. The boys, however, are removed at six years old to a separate place, where they are kept until they are eighteen; whereas the girls, unless married, have to remain within these nunnery-walls till twenty-one.

The infants under four years old had all a sickly, dull, apathetic look; and the nurses were quite as unprepossessing as the children. When the schooling period is over they are made to do the work of the institution. Washing, sewing, scrubbing, making macaroni, tending silk-worms, weaving, cooking, are their occupations, carried on under the supervision of eight laywomen and twenty-eight Sisters of Charity. The school-mistress had been trained in a normal school, but for all that she was teaching the children in the Sicilian dialect. The long dormitories were clean and orderly, but the curious and peculiar feature of this establishment was the *parlatorio*, or reception-room. Picture a large, long room, the centre portion of which is divided off from the sides and farther end by an iron grating which forms a cage, entered only by a well-barred street-door, through which visitors from the outer world are ad-

mitted. Here they sit on benches to converse with those on the other side of the iron grating. Friends of the Sisters or employés of the place and the foster-parents are the usual visitors. Once a week, however, on Sunday mornings, from ten to twelve, this place is the scene of the most novel and ludicrous courtships we ever heard described. One of the objects of this motherly establishment is to find fit and proper husbands for the girls under their charge. The fit and proper here is much like the fit and proper of society; the one requisite being that the young man is bound to show himself in possession of sufficient means to maintain a wife in comfort before he is allowed to aspire to the hand of one of these precious damsels. Having given in his credentials of fitness to the guardians, he receives a card which admits him next Sunday morning to an inspection of the candidates for matrimony. There, sitting on a bench, if his curiosity and ardor will allow him to remain sitting, he awaits the arrival on the other side of the grating of the lady superior accompanied by a girl. She has been selected by order of seniority and capacity for household work from the hundred or more between seventeen and twenty-one awaiting for a youth to deliver them from their prison. The two young people, both no doubt breathless with agitation at the importance of the ceremony, have to take one long, fixed look at each other. No word is spoken, no sign made. These good Sisters believe so fully in the language of the eye that, to their minds, any addition is futile, and might but serve to mystify the pure and perfect effect of love at first sight. The look over, the lady superior asks the man if he will accept the maiden as his bride. Should he answer in the affirmative, the same question is put to her, and, if she bows her assent, the betrothal has taken place, and they part till the Sunday following. The young lover again makes his appearance before the tribunal of guardians, and there the contract is signed, the day of marriage fixed, and he is granted leave to bring the ring, ear-rings, a wedding-dress, and *confetti*, and present them—through the grid, of course—to his betrothed. Every thing has to pass the scrutiny of the Sisters, for fear of a letter or some tender word being slipped in with the gifts.

During the few Sundays that intervene between the first love-scene and the marriage, an hour's conversation, within hearing of the lady superior is allowed; but not a touch is exchanged. The empty talk, interspersed with giggling, consists of inquiries as to the wedding-dress, the sort of *confetti* most liked, and the occupation and place of abode of the suitor.

Should the young man refuse the first damsel presented to him, he is favored with the sight of three or four more; but, should he still appear *difficile*, he is dismissed. The girl, also, has the power of refusal.

The marriage over, the task of the Sisters is done; here falls a veil they never lift; and, whether happiness and faithfulness are the result of this heathenish rite, they never inquire; that would be an impure region, into which they could not enter without sulling their own purity. We do not wonder at these holy Sisters doing their best for the girl till the moment of marriage, and cherishing a vague hope that all will then be right; but we do wonder at the men of the world who manage the institution acquiescing in such a barbarous traffic in human flesh and blood as this sale of women. Our readers must before now have wondered what inducement there can be to make the youths who have the world to choose from come here in search of a wife. Two hundred and fifty francs is the great attraction. That sum is given in dowry with each of these girls; and for that sum, it seems, a Sicilian is willing to sell

himself for life. Those girls for whom the institution fails to find husbands are allowed at twenty-one to face temptations alone; and situations are found for them.

The arrangement of the place is on the conventual plan, and our female guide rung a hand-bell as she went along, to give warning that a man was approaching.

This monstrous institution is kept up partly by government aid, and last year no less than fourteen hundred babies were passed through the *rota*, or revolving cage. The strange love-making we have described is not peculiar to this place: it is also carried on in another institution of Palermo, on an even more extensive scale. This is the Asile, or poor-house, an enormous building, containing eight hundred children, orphans or destitute, two hundred young girls of marriageable age, besides many wives, widows, and aged women. We visited this asylum between nine and ten in the morning, and, in spite of the early hour, a general idle and listless appearance was visible. True, in some rooms girls were making paste, in others baking, etc., but an enormous proportion stood about looking at us and idling. The children, we were told, were on their way to the school-rooms, but the leisurely way they went to them betokened little industry when there. Great supervision seemed requisite, for the Sister in charge would on no account permit a member of our party to wander even a few feet away from us; and, though a request was made that, not being strong, he might be allowed to rest in the sun in the crowded quadrangle, this even was considered dangerous to the peace of mind of these frail damsels.

This institution has a good many of its inmates on the foundation supported by the misplaced charity of the past. The rest are maintained by government aid, supplemented, in a very trifling degree, by the work of the able-bodied among the inmates. Sisters of Charity, as usual, manage the whole thing, and mass and religious meditation are by no means unimportant parts of the general régime. But, while we have a poor-law at work in England, we cannot afford to be too hard on the Italians for their schemes of charity. They surpass us, however, in stupidity, in keeping girls to the age of twenty-one under far better circumstances than they could be in had their parents not been impudent and reckless, and in then providing them with dowries at the expense of the state.

In conclusion, we would observe that foundling hospitals are not only pernicious as encouragements to over-population. One of the worst things to be said against them, as it appears to us, is, that they tend to weaken still further in the breast of parents that instinctive love of offspring by which Nature provides for the care of the little ones. The want of this instinct is already one of the greatest defects in the character of men—a defect whereby, besides being disastrous in its social consequences, there is lost to themselves one of the richest sources of human enjoyment. So far has this gone that a man is reckoned a good father if he conscientiously provide for the care of his children. But we would have it recognized that conscience and a sense of duty, admirable and indispensable though they be, are at best but step-mothers, which, at their highest, can scarcely be expected to take the place of the natural affection which wells up spontaneously in the breast of a true mother; and that these worthy parents, though they may have many a happiness in their children, must forever remain strangers to one of the most supreme and tender emotions. The advocates of the emancipation of women are at times assailed with chaff about the feminine philosopher

staying at home to mind the baby in the absence of his strong-minded helpmate. We in no way resent this chaff, for we recognize it as no more essential to social regeneration than women should become strong and independent in the world than that men should become tender and helpful in the family.—*Lady Amberley, in Macmillan's Magazine.*

THE HOLY EASTER FIRE IN JERUSALEM.

(From the German, for the JOURNAL.)

THE doings of the various sects of the Christian Church in Jerusalem and Bethlehem are such as to fully account for the aversion the Turks have for Christianity. If additional proof is wanted of this fact we find it in a letter recently published in the *Evangelische Kirchliche Anzeiger*. The writer says:

"Until within a few days, Jerusalem, owing to the late Easter of the Greeks, has been filled with strangers and pilgrims. Russians, Greeks, Armenians, Copts, etc., increased the number of the latter to over fifteen thousand. The most of them come not so much on account of the sacred places as of the so-called sacred fire, which is distributed on the Saturday afternoon before their Easter, at three o'clock, in the Church of the Sepulchre, and out of the Chapel of the Sepulchre.

"The doings of the Christians during this day are among the most scandalous things that can be seen here, and very naturally beget and keep alive the aversion of the Turks and Jews for Christianity. Alas that one should be ashamed in these days to confess that he belongs to the Christian faith!

"These Christian believers assert that God sends down this fire from heaven, and will not be turned from this superstition by the most convincing proofs. Whoever lights his wax-candles—thirty-six is the most desirable number—with this fire is assured that his sins are forgiven, and that he has achieved salvation. If one of the candles is lighted at the moment of death, then the soul of the deceased has nothing to fear from purgatory; whoever is the first to light his candle, or indeed whoever buys the candle that the patriarch lights in the sepulchre, and which is sold by the Copts two days beforehand, buys a place for himself and family in heaven. His sins are no longer registered against him, and his name is honored among the people. Is it to be wondered at, then, that the foolish people who believe these things should wait here for months for this fire, or that they should pay as high as thirty-five hundred francs for the first candle, as was the case this year, or that these pious pilgrims should run, in their enthusiasm, through the streets, bareheaded, with their bundle of burning candles, and should howl like wild animals when they are robbed of any of them by the scoffing disbelievers?

"Early in the morning, if not the previous evening, in fact, thousands of pilgrims go to the Church of the Sepulchre to get good places. Those who go the day before pass the night wrapped in their furs, or, if they have none, they huddle together in groups, regardless of age or sex. The Turkish Government, in the interest of good order, takes the precaution to send a detachment of one hundred soldiers to the church to keep a passage clear for the procession, and to do police duty generally. At the principal point, the stone where Christ is said to have been anointed, and where the path forks, representatives of the Greeks and Armenians are stationed, who question all comers with regard to their religious faith, and send the Greeks and Russians to the right, and the

Armenians, Copts, Abyssinians, Syrians, etc., to the left.

"That in this fanatical assemblage there can be no approach to any thing like quiet is self-evident. They wantonly crowd each other, and wrangle, and often it is all the soldiers can do to prevent a general engagement; rarely does the day pass without there being some bloody heads and broken ribs. This year, as usual, they came to blows. The *mélée* was caused by a soldier giving a boy a push. The father of the boy resented it, and in a few seconds there was a pitched battle between the soldiers and the fanatics. He who was in the neighborhood of the *mélée*, and came off with a whole skin, could esteem himself fortunate.

"This state of things lasted till about two o'clock in the afternoon, when the patriarchs, with their suites and paraphernalia, entered the church. A general shouting now begins, the bells are rung, and each division welcomes its head with stormy enthusiasm. The young men of each sect, in their shirt-sleeves (in order the better to elbow their way in the crowd), cry out, in concert:

"Give us, O Lord, our fire!"

"The word 'our' each party seeks to emphasize strongest. In the midst of these cries, the ceremony begins. Processions of priests of various professions of faith, with chanting, pictures, and banners (after which the crowd struggles in order to kiss them), pass three times around the Chapel of the Sepulchre, and pray God to send the fire for which his servants wait. When, finally, four of the patriarchs descend into the Chapel of the Sepulchre, and the Greek patriarch takes his place on the tomb of the Saviour, the people have not much longer to cry. Suddenly the fire bursts forth from two holes in the chapel, and the Greek patriarch appears, with two burning candles in his hands, at the door of the tomb. A deafening shout and a ringing of bells follow, during which some crowd forward to light their candles, while others fall on their knees before the patriarch, cross themselves, and kiss the ground. In from five to ten minutes the church becomes a sea of fire. The burning of hair and clothes is now in order. As the belief prevails that this fire does not burn, many put it into their bosoms, others run the flames of their candles over their faces, and smoke themselves with it from head to foot. Now every one seeks to get out of the church as soon as possible. Some leave it with bloody heads and faces, many feeling ill, and all completely fagged out, with their clothes covered with wax. About twenty persons were arrested this year in consequence of the grand *mélée*. Now the city is alive with happy pilgrims going to their lodgings, carrying their lighted candles with them despite the laughter and derision of the Turks and Jews."

"But not Jerusalem alone is blessed with the sacred fire. It is carried to Bethlehem and other towns by couriers, who are received with shouts, bell-ringing, and other ceremony. He who first arrives with the fire receives a handsome reward. That there is more or less cheating done will not surprise anybody.

"At the end of Christian Street one of these happy parties met a Jew, and the word '*Yehudi*' (Jew) was sufficient to incite them to attack him, and beat him half to death.

"Why should these good people, provided as they are now for eternity, at least, if not for time, remain longer in Jerusalem? They leave the city as soon as they can get away. Those from Palestine usually leave that very evening, as they ordinarily have their own private conveyances.

"Who will put a stop to this scandal, which disgraces Christianity, and justly incenses the Turks and the Jews?"

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THERE has recently been an active renewal of a very old discussion—the endless debate as to the degree of injury suffered by a religion (perhaps we should rather say a form of belief) through the wrong-doing of its teachers and professors.

A leading journal describes one party to this very ancient dispute as “a certain class of good, pious folks, who incessantly keep up a loud wailing in the market-place” when an accusation is made against a clergyman or religious leader, or a wrong act committed by such a person, on the ground that it is “a sapping at the foundations of religion.” They are people who think that Christianity is threatened in the person of each one of its assailed professors, and look upon every prominent preacher as a kind of Atlas, without whose continuous and somewhat violent effort the system he upholds must topple over.

To this class we most certainly do not belong.

But it is not unusual to find both sides in the wrong in arguments of this sort; and so it happens that we cannot agree, on the other hand, with that opposite and consoling view that is taken by many optimistic people, and held in all sincerity.

“If he falls,” says the article we have quoted, speaking of a prominent clergyman, recently the subject of an accusation, “and every Christian preacher in the United States should fall with him, what has that to do with the truths taught by Jesus of Nazareth?”

Not much to do with the truths so taught, perhaps, or with *abstract* truth in any form; but, unfortunately, it is not an ideal world that we live in, and the great majority of its inhabitants see things through the medium that is furnished to them. The question here asked is a sounding and specious one, but it deals no more directly with the facts of the case than any other abstract query.

All men who earnestly and sincerely accept a form of belief, whether it be Christianity or any other, do so because they believe it to be the nearest approach to truth, and because they think that, by accepting and practising it, they shall become better or happier. But all men are not philosophers enough to reason deeper than analogy carries them; and very few have the wisdom necessary to distinguish between the truths on which a creed is in some degree based, and the creed itself—to see that the manner of their belief may need to suffer change, while the truths in which they believe may remain the same. Accepting their creed because they believe, as we have said, to be made better and happier by it, is it wonderful that the multitude should watch carefully to see whether it has these effects on men whom they regard as the very leaders in its teaching?

It is as idle to deny that the action of leaders in Christianity has an immense effect on the success or failure of their form of belief at home and among Christians, as it would be to deny that the good or bad deeds of missionaries have an effect on the success or failure of the propagation of Christianity abroad. From the popular point of view—a point of view which cannot be easily changed without other means than those now adopted—it is not illogical that a man should find himself questioning the sustaining and strengthening power of a form of faith which permits one who can teach and preach it still to go widely astray from its teachings.

If this state of affairs is (as we believe) altogether wrong when considered from a higher point of thought than the popular one, it nevertheless exists. It will not do for those who believe in the support of the Christian belief to lay to their souls the flattering unction that wrong-doings, dissensions, bitterness, and narrowness on the part of its leading professors will not injure the influence of the teachings of the churches—that “the faith will stand in spite of them.”

The *faith* is precisely what will *not* stand; the truth is eternal, of course, *et prevalebit*; but it is the faith in the forms of our approach to it that will be sapped, in spite of all sonorous words to the contrary, unless every man that teaches tries with all his energies to live up to his teaching.

We were once in a certain Oriental field of missionary labor, where a sincere and very earnest gentleman, whom we knew well, was struggling hard over the attempted conversion of an educated Eastern official. Finally the latter said, with much grave courtesy: “You say I should believe in your God; you say he is the only God. But I ask your colleagues” (missionaries of other sects), “and each cautions me against you and the rest, and says I must believe in *his* view of God. This leads me to wonder, since you say there is but one, and I see you all worshipping with a difference. And you say yours is a religion of peace, yet you are all at war with one another—you very teachers of the religion! And nations of you, that profess the same belief, are carrying on wars now to which ours are nothing—though we do not profess peace at all.”

It was the old ignorant human argument; but, to the man who presented it, it had its force. And an analogous argument holds its ground among the ignorant and very human people of Christendom as well. For many centuries yet systems will continue to be judged by the multitude chiefly in the persons of those who are constituted or who constitute themselves their representatives.

— A much-vexed question with the Londoners has recently been settled for them in an unlooked-for way. It has long been disputed, between the antiquarians and the

utilitarians, what should be done with Temple Bar. The lovers of antiquity have strenuously insisted that it should be respected, and allowed to remain what it is, choking up the neck of the main though narrow channel which connects the “City” with the “liberty of Westminster;” while the modern improver, in the name of the busy multitude which crowds and jostles, and sometimes comes to a serious stand-still beneath its arch, has as vehemently demanded that it should be pulled down, and removed out of the way of commercial enterprise. The excavation of the site of the new law-courts, near by, has resulted in such a sinking in of the earth under the venerable Bar that it has had to be propped up; and its removal at an early day has become absolutely indispensable.

The antiquarian is not, however, wholly without consolation; for Temple Bar will not cease to exist; it will only be transferred, as tenderly as possible, to some less crowded and less dangerous spot. To be sure, Temple Bar is not what Londoners call an ancient edifice. It is just two years more than two centuries old, while there are Westminster Abbey, erected full six hundred years ago; and Westminster Hall, of the time of William the Red; and Lambeth, almost as old as the Abbey; and the Tower, a portion of which, at least, was built by the Conqueror himself.

Yet Temple Bar is quite old enough to be historic, and interesting for its memories; older, at least, than St. Paul's Cathedral, or Buckingham Palace, the Mansion House, or the present Guildhall; and these have already ample claims upon the veneration of our time. Temple Bar, moreover, represents that which it superseded, as well as the scenes and events of which it has been the actual witness; it symbolizes the ancient pride and independence of the municipal corporation of London; it marks the respect which the most despotic of English sovereigns felt bound to pay the companies of the great “City” merchants.

The present “Bar” is no bar at all, but a very pretty and picturesque triple arch, in Wren's best style; but it took the place of a real bar, with its posts, rails, and chain. This point was the limit where the sway of the lord-mayor ceased, and the “liberty” of Westminster began; and it was at this bar that the sovereign, when for any reason of state he visited his commercial lieges, was constrained to await the lord-mayor's consent to enter his municipal dominions.

Even Elizabeth was not too haughty to pause at the bar of the Temple when she went showily to St. Paul's to return thanks for the defeat of the “Invincible Armada;” it is scarcely necessary to add that my lord-mayor was always complacent on such occasions, and any one who was asked what would have happened had he forbidden the queen to enter would probably answer as the

Speaker of the House of Commons once did, when questioned as to the results of the mysterious and never-executed penalty of "naming" a member, "Heaven only knows!" Cromwell paused at Temple Bar, as any meek hereditary sovereign might do, when he made a progress through the city; he who had ordered off "that bauble," yielded to the tradition of the Bar with modest grace.

It was reserved to Queen Victoria to be the first sovereign admitted beneath the arch without seeking the mayoral permission, although she did this twice—on the occasion of her coronation, and when she went, in 1844, to open the Royal Exchange. A few years later the formality was, by a startling revolutionary act, dispensed with. Other memories has Temple Bar besides this queer old traditional custom. It is scarcely a century since, fastened on iron spikes between the rather lackadaisical figures of the two Charleses, which seem perpetually lounging and grinning in the niches, the ghastly heads of executed traitors obtruded themselves upon the gaze of passers-by.

The poet Rogers spoke of having, in his boyhood, seen the head of one of the Jacobites of '45 perched on Temple Bar, it having been there for thirty years or more, and presenting to his eyes nothing but a "black, shapeless lump." Indeed, these dreary mementoes of the fate that England reserved for plotters, used to be left there until they were blown down by the wind. Enterprising cockneys were wont to take up a position near the Bar with spy-glasses, which they lent to curious folks who wished a nearer view of the traitorous heads, at a halfpenny each. Johnson and Goldsmith lodged but a few steps eastward of Temple Bar, one at Bolt Court, and the other in the Temple; and Johnson often spoke with affection as well of Wren's arch, which bounded his westerly view, as of that Fleet Street down which he found it an unfailling source of lively pleasure to "take a walk."

— It is only just a century since the existence of oxygen, or, as it was first called, "dephlogisticated gas," was discovered; and its discovery was made by a man not less remarkable in politics and polemics than in chemical science. For JOSEPH PRIESTLEY not only gave a new significance and power to chemistry, but foreshadowed a political philosophy which it has taken English thought all the century intervening since his discovery of oxygen to attain.

In an age when dissenters were regarded by the mass of the English orthodox much in the light in which the Jews, and Parsees from Bombay, were looked upon, and when a democrat was considered as identical with a burglar and an incendiary, this great and good man, sprung from a sturdy Yorkshire industrial stock, boldly defended dissent, attacked the powerful state Church, frankly

declared his sympathy with the struggling American colonies, and exulted in the taking of the Bastille and the capture of the Tuileries by the Paris Reds.

Priestley lived long at Birmingham, where he divided his time between his library and his laboratory. He was an optimist, and believed the best possibilities of his race; and, from one end to the other of a long and varied and very laborious life, he struggled to serve mankind, forgetful of his own comfort, and even of his own necessities. "He lived for forty years," says a writer, "from hand to mouth." His political principles were so obnoxious to the Birmingham of his time that, when the excitement over the French Revolution was at its height, a furious mob invaded the scholar's house and church, burned both to the ground, and drove him out of the town forever.

He wrote to them: "You have destroyed the most valuable apparatus of philosophical instruments that any individual ever possessed; in my use of which I annually spent large sums in the advancement of science, for the benefit of my country and of mankind. You have destroyed a library which no money can repurchase. You have destroyed manuscripts, the result of the laborious study of many years, which I can never recompose. And all this has been done to one who never did or imagined you any harm."

Birmingham has had a century in which to repent this scandalous wrong, and heartily has she repented of it: for she has just raised a marble statue to Joseph Priestley, just by the Town Hall, where the voice of Priestley's great modern political disciple, John Bright, is so often heard; the only self-imposed retribution she can give. It is right that Birmingham should thus honor the man who anticipated by a century the radical doctrines which are those of what is now called "the Birmingham school," and not less appropriate that the statue should be inaugurated by a bold scientific radical like Huxley.

For Huxley in science, and Bright in politics, represent, as nearly as possible in this age, the principles and characteristics of Joseph Priestley. Both believe, as Priestley did, that "freedom is the essential condition of the progress of science, and the progress of the human race." He was one of those absolute men who sow seeds in one generation that are to spring up and flower in a remote generation, whose reward is posthumous, and who cheerfully pay a heavy penalty in the thought of having planted truths to be reaped after they themselves have become silent.

It is worth while to recall a career so self-sacrificing, brave, and fruitful; and to take note once more of the remote and permanent good which men of his calibre often achieve. For it may be said, with little suspicion of exaggeration, that Priestley, in his laboratory and library, did more to free English thought,

and give rapidity to English enlightenment, than Chatham or Wellington in the council and the field.

— The dedicating of books, since it ceased to be a means of securing patronage, has come to be quite as random and ridiculous as the naming of children, and, in fact, its absurdities are less excusable. The fond parent who names his infant daughter Belle would find it hard to realize, even if his attention were called to the possibility, that she may grow up "as homely as a hedge-fence," and perpetrate a sad bit of irony every time she executes her dainty signature. The frequency with which William Wilberforce Jones finds himself in the gutter, and George Washington Robinson has his hair cropped and dons the party-colored breeches, has been sufficiently commented upon. All this may be excused by saying that the doating parents intended to express a hope rather than a prophecy. But the dedication of a book is written after the volume is complete, and appropriateness is the only possible merit that a dedication can have. To dedicate a fine poem to one who has no music in his soul, or a volume of military biography to a merchant, is merely to give the compositor a bit of "fat," and insert a leaf which every sensible buyer will immediately scissor out. Before writing a dedication, one should first consider whether the thing ought to be dedicated at all. It may be laid down as a rule, with no exception, that a translation should never be dedicated by the translator, as he has no proprietorship in the work itself, but only in its metamorphosis. The same is true of compilations for a similar reason; and it will generally be true of works which are the joint production of several authors, no one of them being at liberty to dedicate the productions of the others. Absurd dedications are commonly the result of some amiable weakness. The author inscribes his book to a dear friend without considering whether the friendship arises from a harmony with the same side of his nature from which the book has emanated. But those who wish to continue the concoction of dedications without reference to the fitness of things, may plead an illustrious precedent in Nathaniel Hawthorne. That most exact of literary artists inscribed his most mature volume of sketches, because of a sincere and life-long friendship, to Franklin Pierce, to whom nothing but a political document could be appropriately dedicated; for Pierce never read any but law-books, with the sole exception of Carlyle's "French Revolution," and, though he, was college-bred, and reached the highest station in the land, never had a library. And, curiously enough, Hawthorne persisted in this absurd dedication at a time when the condition of political affairs made it probable that it would seriously hinder the sale of the book.

— That remarkable class of persons, the inventors of reform, are never idle. If they better nothing else, they improve each shining hour. The long and gallant struggle which they have made to secure the ballot for women has not tired them, nor are they

exhausted with their recent crusade against the saloon-keepers. Failure daunts them not, and, while their ingenuity lasts, never, like Alexander, will they sigh for fresh worlds to conquer. The saying that there is nothing new under the sun has for them no meaning. They are determined to bring about something new, even if it is nothing more than the destruction of their own sect; and for this they often seem to labor.

They have at last attacked a power of evil which will not only resist their efforts, but, we fear, destroy their future. That fertility of invention for which they are, and have always been, distinguished, has at last laid open a most practicable path to suicide. A call has been issued for a convention to meet at Painsville, Ohio. Considering the disastrous campaigns that have preceded this last and, we fear, fatal charge upon the multitudinous hosts of evil, there is something ominous and pathetic in the selection of Painsville, Ohio.

At that locality of anguish, Pelion is to be placed by resolution upon Ossa. Heaven is to be scaled by a ladder, the rounds of which are to be *Whereas* and *Therefore*.

Women's dress is to be reformed! There the forlorn attempt is to be made of introducing a mystic garment for ladies, which is "all in one piece from neck to toes." We are told no more, but we feel that the end is near. Temperance, total abstinence, the ballot for women, all were possible; but the threat of this thing without a name—this shapeless what-is-it, "all in one piece from neck to toes"—in an instant arrays all womankind in an attitude of indignant defense, and at Painsville, Ohio, the busy race of reformers will find its Waterloo!

Literary.

THE second part of Mr. Herbert Spencer's "Descriptive Sociology," which contains, first, the sociological facts referring to the "Ancient Mexicans," etc. (compiled by Dr. Richard Scheppig), and then those of the "Types of Lowest Races," etc. (compiled by Professor David Duncan), has appeared in London and Edinburgh, and will soon be published here by Messrs. Appleton & Co. Its publication has been too recent for the expression of much opinion as yet, but we find the following in the *Saturday Review* concerning Dr. Scheppig's work: "Dr. Scheppig appears to have done his portion of the work in a complete and conscientious manner. He has been fully alive to the peculiar difficulties and dangers in his way—in which, however, we cannot include one that is specially mentioned by Mr. Herbert Spencer in his preface: 'The facts here brought together in the extracts, and abstracted in the tables, are derived from a great variety of works—many of them rendered difficult of access, either by their rarity or by the languages in which they are written. Of the one hundred and fifty-eight laid under contribution, seventy-two are English, thirty-nine are Spanish, twenty-four are French, seventeen are German, three are Latin, and one is Dutch; besides which, some slight use has been made of a Portuguese book and an essay in Danish.' We cannot admit that the tongues in which any of these books are written, except perhaps

the Danish and Dutch, can fairly be said to make them 'difficult of access' to any reader who really wants to know their contents. If a man who desires to acquaint himself with the records of Spanish America for any serious purpose is deterred from it merely by the trouble of learning Spanish, we are not much inclined to pity him. But to return to the real difficulties. Dr. Scheppig has done his best to facilitate the verification of his abstract by those who may be disposed to do it either for criticism or for study. Sometimes he substitutes an abridged statement of his own for actual extracts from the author referred to; but he confines this practice to definite statements of fact, and never omits to give a full and precise reference. In the region of detailed extracts he not infrequently adds references for further details which he has not room to set out. He endeavors by cross-references to prevent the reader from losing himself in any part of Mr. Spencer's somewhat intricate classification, and he is not afraid to repeat the same extract when it is in point under more than one head."

"The Correspondence of William Ellery Channing, D.D., and Lucy Aikin, from 1826 to 1842," has recently appeared in England, having been prepared for publication by Anna Letitia Le Breton. It is a volume that will be gladly read by many in this country, and an opinion of its merits and its value, which we find in an English review, is most promising with regard to the place it will occupy in the abundant literature relating to the great Unitarian: "Miss Aikin says of her correspondence with Dr. Channing, 'There is always topic enough, since the interests of all mankind are ours.' And this is true. From 1826 to 1842—that is to say, for a period of sixteen years—these two friends kept up across the Atlantic a regular interchange of thought and sentiment on the subjects that were occupying the minds of the thinking few, and affecting the lives of the unthinking many. They discussed politics, society, literature; they informed one another of what was passing in their respective countries, and they cast the horoscope of the moral and intellectual progress of humanity in the future. Their letters are always interesting, but less so as contributing new facts to the story of their time, or as throwing fresh light on facts already known, than as revealing in a simple, unreserved manner the individual characters of the writers. They are also interesting as the record of a warm friendship between a man and a woman, which was to both a source of pure and elevated pleasure, and to one, at least, a means of spiritual support and comfort. Miss Aikin considered that she owed much that was valuable in her mental development to the influence of Dr. Channing, and, in the course of her letters, she often thanked him for having opened her heart to more catholic sympathies with her fellow-creatures, and nerved her mind to a more courageous faith in the Invisible."

The *Athenæum* has some good words, and some words of warning, too, for Mr. T. B. Aldrich, to whose "Prudence Palfrey" it devotes a notice of considerable length. We quote a part of this, and, in the latter part, if not in the somewhat extravagant estimate of the first few lines, American critical readers will find much which they themselves have undoubtedly thought of Mr. Aldrich before: "Mr. Aldrich is perhaps entitled to stand at the head of American humorists. The little work in this line he has hitherto done is singularly fresh, original, and delicate. While,

in the undercurrent of thoughtfulness it displays, in artistic finish, and in poetical grace, it resembles the best work of Mr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, it has a descriptive delicacy which is wholly the author's own. The only fault that can reasonably be urged against it is a certain measure of artifice. It is like a conjuring feat, which loses its interest after it has been often seen, and the mechanical trick on which it depends is discovered. 'Marjorie Daw and Other People' was, in its way, a marvel of ingenuity. Each of the half-dozen or more stories it contained ended in surprise. Aware of this fact, Mr. Aldrich yet contrived to maintain the effect to the end, so that the last story was as effective as the first. No common skill of treatment is displayed in this. When a man has palmed upon you physis for wine, when he has induced you to crack between your teeth a nut filled with pepper, and when he has made you smoke a cigar which, in the middle, develops into a miniature Etna, he must be extremely skillful or very plausible to go on winning again and again your confidence. This Mr. Aldrich does in a way wholly unprecedented. In 'Prudence Palfrey' he attempts to employ, in a long story, a device which has told admirably in less important experiments. Once more he succeeds. So long as he can do this, the weapon is obviously serviceable, and it is useless to warn him against its use. All we feel accordingly inclined to do is to urge upon him not to trust it too often, lest it fall him, as apparently it must, at a pinch. This we do the more readily, as Mr. Aldrich has a plentiful armory from which to select. Apart from the special and remarkable talent which he displays in taking in his readers, his literary power is undeniable, and his descriptions of New-England life are among the best that have appeared."

In speaking of her latest work, the *London Examiner* comes to the following conclusions with regard to "Ouida": "'Two Little Wooden Shoes' is in some respects an advance upon the previous stories of 'Ouida'; it is not so flushed with sensuous feeling, nor is the expression so high-flown. But when we have diligently read it through, we ask in amazement if this which has been put before us is all that the author has to offer touching the great realities of being. She never gets beyond the rudimentary stage of existence; her philosophy is sufficient only for children, and dangerous for them; and, when the final words of her story have been reached, we find ourselves inquiring, 'What next?' To tell a story well, and with some degree of power, is not all that is demanded of a novelist; that were placing the art too low. Even through the garb of fiction, man must receive something more than mere amusement. But we suppose it is useless insisting upon this lesson as regards very many of our living novelists. With a talent so inconsequent as 'Ouida's,' and one which is chiefly noticeable when describing the ecstasies of animal passion, it is difficult to tell what to do. We have the impression that, but for these gleanings in forbidden fields, her books would be miserable sustenance; and therefore we are forced to the irresistible conclusion that it would have been better for her never to have written at all."

The *Publishers' Circular* says: "We have seen the proofs of Mr. Henry Kernot's catalogue of 'The Devil in Literature,' and speak with knowledge in pronouncing it one of the most interesting and notable contributions to special bibliography for many years. He has brought a lifetime's acquaintance with books and the stores of a phenomenal memory to the work, which, if successful, will be the forerunner of a series of specialties in bibliography. Almost seven hundred books, from the most ancient times, are catalogued in chronological order, some of the titles being curiously and valuably annotated with literary and biographical information. There is a very thorough index, and the head and foot of each page

bear a proverb or short saying about the devil, of themselves a most interesting collection. The catalogue will be very handsomely printed, and the illustrated edition will contain plates of the Egyptian, Hindoo, early Anglo-Saxon, and other devils, caricatures by Cruikshank and Leech and others to the number of twelve. We should state that there will be no trade discount, and that copies will not be distributed to the trade. A limited number has been printed, and orders should be sent in at once."

Professor Cairnes, in the *Fortnightly*, is thus condemnatory of Mr. Froude's "English in Ireland:" "I must express my opinion for what it may be worth, that a more essentially unfair, ungenerous, and mischievous book than 'The English in Ireland,' it has rarely been my fortune to read. I speak as an Irishman, and a friend to the legislative union of the two countries, and I say that this book is well fitted—indeed, is to all appearances deliberately designed—to reopen afresh wounds which were just closing, to exasperate in the highest degree the political passions of a people of whom political passion has long been the bane, to kindle new ardor in the ranks of Home-Rule, and to fortify among the Protestant population prejudices already only too strong, which have been, and I fear still are, among the chief hindrances to the good government of Ireland."

We learn that the University of Tübingen, which was some years ago enriched by the accession of the choice and valuable library of Ludwig Uhland, presented to it by the poet's widow, has recently received from the same lady a considerable sum of money, constituting the entire proceeds of her admirable life of her husband ("Das Leben Ludwig Uhlands," Stuttgart, 1874). This is, in accordance with her wishes, to be appropriated to the foundation of a scholarship for students devoted to the same studies as those pursued by her husband. Frau Uhland has also recently instituted a prize for scholars at the Gymnasium at Tübingen, where the poet received his preliminary training for his university career.

It is announced in an English review that the great German novelist, Paul Heyse, has completed the loving task of revising and carefully editing the collected work of his friend the late Hermann Kurz, who was alike distinguished in Germany as a novelist, a poet, and a politician. Kurz was in every sense of the word a scholar, and, in addition to his numerous and most admirable poems, tales, romances, and critiques, he gave his countrymen polished translations of Ariosto, Cervantes, Chateaubriand, Shakespeare, Byron, Moore, etc.

A new weekly literary paper is about to be issued in London. It will be entitled *Journal Général des Beaux Arts et des Arts Industriels*.

Fine Arts.

NEARLY all of the artists are, as usual, out of town at this season, enjoying that privilege, peculiar to the painter, which enables him to get the rest and freshness both for mind and body which Nature grants so freely to her votaries, while he is gathering fresh material and inspiration for his winter's work. A few of the studios are still open, however, and on some of their easels may be seen works nearly finished, which testify to continued labor during the hot weather.

Among these artists who have foregone the hills, and forests, and green fields, Mr. B. F. Rhinehart offers two charming little canvases, which are worthy of more than passing notice. Though they have not yet received the final touches, they are so far completed as to render an estimate of their merits proper at this time. Mr. Rhinehart has for a number of years devoted himself exclusively to *genre* and ideal subjects, and his figure-paintings have been as widely reproduced in chromo, perhaps, as those of any contemporary American artist. The principal one of the canvases now on his

easel tells a quaint and pretty story of childhood which will come home to many a heart by the simple and tender sweetness of the treatment.

A little girl, with her baby-sister, has wandered out in the woods, fairy-book in hand, on a bright summer's afternoon. In a cozy nook under a great tree, the children, at last tired even of the wonderful stories they have read, have dropped to sleep under the lullaby of the tinkling little cascade that murmurs close at hand in its woodland course.

While the innocents sleep, they dream of the bright beings of the story-book, and the fairy queen rises out of the mist of the waterfall with lyre in hand, on which she plays the melody born in the rush of the dancing brook. The conception is full of grace and tenderness, and one which will perhaps evoke more sympathy than many more pretentious themes. The artistic handling of the subject is worthy of the motive. The two children are curled in each other's arms on the cool, green moss, on which bright flecks of sunlight fall through the waving foliage, leaving the figures of the sleepers only partly in the shade. The spots of light on the moss give a vivid warmth to the tone of the picture, which is further strengthened in the bright flesh-tints of the sleeping figures. The difficulty of painting flesh that lives to the eye, at all times a *magnum opus*, is doubly enhanced in the shadow. The artist has overcome this difficulty by placing the lower limbs of the figures in the light, and also causing the bright rays to fall on the disheveled curls and the upper parts of the faces. These effects of light and shade are managed with not a little skill.

The modeling of the figures is particularly good, though not drawn from living subjects. The dimpled limbs of the younger child are charming in their suggestions of Nature, and the careless, childish grace with which the two lie cuddled together will recall pleasing thoughts to many a mother's heart. The lips of the young dreamers are parted slightly, and on the faces rests a look of surprise and delight. The figure of the fairy rests lightly on the edge of the bank near by, veiled in the sparkling mist of the water-fall, which flashes beneath, and runs away in a swift, brawling brook. The spirit is garbed in the traditional green of fairy-land, with a star of light shining on the forehead, and gazes over her shoulders with a look of tenderness at her infantile courtiers.

The landscape-setting of this pleasant conceit is a "close" forest interior, full of cool greens and delicate browns, with that peculiar undertone of color observable in the forest depth which is not to be conveyed in any one word. In the edges of the background we get streams of light breaking through the trees, but in the middle-ground a tone of clear yet sombre shade. As a foreground picture, designed to frame in the figures, the trees have quite an unusual foreshortening, not perhaps more than the exigencies of the treatment demand, however. Mr. Rhinehart is entitled to a word of praise for the unusual amount of work which he has laid out on the lesser details of the picture—such as the bark of the trees, the foliage, and the moss that covers the ground—labor which artists do not always think needful in a painting, whose main object is to tell a human story, and not to furnish a revelation of landscape-nature. In these days, when the ambition of artists runs so much to large and crowded pictures, it is pleasant to see a small canvas showing the results of many months of honest and conscientious work.

Another small picture of the same artist is entitled "The Morning Greeting," and is also a child-subject. A large Newfoundland dog has burst open the door of the room, and places his paws on the edge of the couch, while he licks the hand of his sleeping playfellow, hanging carelessly over the side of the bed. The figure of the child is beautifully drawn and posed, and the expression in the face of the dog is quite a study. The drapery of the bed and accessories of the room are carefully done, and the whole painting is a clean bit of *genre* work.

Much has been said within the last few years, both in the way of discriminating praise and lavish puffery, about the usefulness of the Academy of Design as an art-institution, a representative American school of painting. It is but natural that there should be much of this sort of complacency, for the institution of which we write had to fight its way upward through many obstacles, and its existence is a monument of the energy and liberality which contributed to its final success. Lovers of art, indeed, did not cease to congratulate themselves when they saw a building arising which was very ill adapted to its purpose, and at a cost not warranted either by its beauty of architecture or its utility of room. They even refrained from severe criticism when they saw the directory having the building in charge most studiously seeking to miss all chance of securing a permanent revenue by arranging for a rental of the lower portion of the structure. New York is full of liberal-handed men, and, forsooth, the same donors that provided the original funds could be relied on to pay off the after-debts as they might arise. But when the institution, aside from mere mistakes and blunders, is diverted from the integrity of its purpose, there would then be some genuine root of dissatisfaction.

Art-circles have been long full of rumors, for whose truth, however, we cannot vouch, which painfully suggest some sort of gross mismanagement. That there is a heavy and increasing debt, hanging like a cloud over the Academy of Design, is pretty well known. Why there should be such a debt is a mystery that cannot be understood. There is no reason why the annual exhibitions should not be largely remunerative, if managed with an ordinary tact and devotion to the institution. The most painful feature of the current rumors is, that the management constitute a species of close corporation, governing affairs in a somewhat too narrow fashion for the weal of art. As an illustration of this, it may be said that some four or five "associates" of the Academy, old and well-known artists, last year resigned, because young men, comparative novices in the art-world, were promoted over their heads to be full "academicians." The *JOURNAL*, of course, has nothing to say about the jealousies of art-circles, but if these swell to such serious action as to endanger the prosperity and sully the dignity of a representative institution, they become matters for public attention.

The Art-School, which was designed to be one of the most important functions of the institution, seems to be in a bad way. That the rooms of the school are wretchedly insufficient for their purposes, is quite generally admitted. But this is an evil to be classified under the original blunder of building. Aside from a barely tolerable collection of casts for the drawing-classes, the equipment of teaching has but little to recommend it. There is but little opportunity given for drawing from models, as the artists of the institution appear to

prefer to give instruction in this invaluable branch of practice in their own private studios. All this is foreign to the original purpose of the school, which was to give competent training in art-work at the smallest possible cost to the student. Lessons are only given in the class of painting at apparently exorbitant rates, the last year's tariff having been ten dollars per hour. Many of the students express themselves as dissatisfied with the management, and the number that will enter for the coming year threatens to be very much reduced.

Such are a few of the charges in the indictment freely bandied about in the art-circles of New York. If they be true, it is due to the interests of art that attention should be paid to them, and things settled on a different basis. The directory of the institution is now entirely made up of professional artists, men who have perhaps little taste or time for active administration. It is perhaps the only one in the world of any rank and usefulness which has not active lay-members as well as artists on its governing board. A change in this direction might perhaps lay the axe to the root of all the evils complained of.

A very interesting account of the uncovering of the Roman Forum appears in the *London Academy*; the most interesting portion is contained in the following extract, which shows that the matter has really been earnestly taken in hand: "An important step has been recently made toward the more perfect elucidation of the topographical and archaeological history of ancient Rome by the complete uncovering of the Forum, the true dimensions and exact site of which have hitherto remained a matter of discussion. At the close of last month the excavations of the Colosseum and the Forum were resumed with great energy under the direction of Signor Rosa, whose well-directed and unremitting efforts have been rewarded by important results, which have definitely determined the limits of the Forum of ancient Rome. In 1848 the first real advance to this discovery was made by Canina's detection of the site of the Basilica Julia, which stretched its entire length on the southern extremity of the Forum, from which it was separated by only a narrow road. After a temporary resumption of the works in 1852, nothing more was attempted in this direction till 1870 and 1871, when the true pavement of the Forum, with its many-sided large stones, was laid bare, and followed eastward toward the left, till it was found to be intersected by four lines of similarly paved roads. The south side of the inclosure was then clearly defined with its seven pediments, on which an equal number of votive statues had stood. One enormous columnar shaft was found shattered and split beside its base, both alike covered with the accumulated debris of ages. In 1872 the question of the extent of the Forum was decisively settled by the discovery of a transverse road, paved like the others, which formed a right angle with the front of the temple of the Dioscuri, and thus proved that the Forum did not extend toward the Arch of Titus, as older topographers had assumed. At this point the workmen came upon the bas-reliefs which commemorate Trajan's erection of schools and asylums for orphan and outcast children in Rome and other parts of Italy, and his remission of all arrears of certain taxes. Although these tablets, which have been replaced on their original site, are unfortunately much injured, enough has escaped mutilation to show the beauty and harmony of the design. Near these bas-reliefs the eastern boundary of the Forum has been traced by the travertine stones of the pavement, and the line of pedi-

ments which skirted it. Among these is a columnar base, inscribed in still legible characters, and proclaiming its dedication by the prefects L. Valerius and Septimius Bassus to the three Emperors Gratian, Valentinian, and Theodosius, and belonging, therefore, to the period between 379 and 383 A. D. An enormous mass of broken architectural fragments has been brought to light in the process of clearing out this sacred spot; but few perfect remains have been recovered, which perhaps can scarcely be wondered at when we bear in mind that at one extremity of the Forum the superincumbent mass of debris had risen to a height of more than twenty-four feet. Yet, in the year 1827, not three and a half centuries from our own times, the German and allied troops of the Emperor Charles V. were able with small labor to clear the Via Sacra from the Arch of Titus to the Forum, for the triumphal passage of the conqueror of Rome."

While there is nothing of any interest now in the shop-windows, the art-dealers are making preparation for a very active campaign. Knoedler, Snedecor, and Schaus, are expecting an unusually large supply of fine pictures from great representative artists of England, France, and Germany, and the autumn campaign is likely to be of more than usual interest. When October comes, and with it the return of all the seekers after pleasure and rest, who have been ruralizing, the show in the art-stores promises a very high degree of excellence.

"Sylvanus Urban," the "table-talker" of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, has the following paragraph on what is an absurd, but at present very popular, comparison in England: "Doré's gallery on one side of Bond Street, and Holman Hunt's 'Shadow of Death' on the other, have suggested comparisons between the work of the two artists, and just now it has become quite the fashion to treat the great Frenchman and the famous Englishman as Plutarch dealt, in pairs, with the giants of Greece and Rome. An earnest-minded amateur and critic sends me the following contribution to the general store of gossip on this subject: 'The work of M. Gustave Doré very fairly illustrates the general tendency of French art. It is impossible not to admire the faculty he has for "massing" an idea, his masterly distribution of light and shade, and the general picturesqueness of his compositions. But, the due tribute of admiration having once been paid to these qualities, his pictures begin to pall upon the taste, and, after a while, one is forced to inquire into what I must call (even at the risk of appearing misty) the adequacy of the artistic motive. The general failing of French art is, that the artist appears to be only moved by grandeur or by pathos in so far as it enables him to be—for the public admiration—grand or pathetic. He is moved less by the nobility of his theme than by the opportunities for artistic display afforded by it. I have always felt a half-amused suspicion that M. Victor Hugo would never have hated or scorned the little Napoleon as he did if he had not had, and felt that he had, the power to express his hatred and scorn in a picturesque and effective way; and the same feeling haunts one with respect to the works of Doré. Mr. Hunt, on the other hand, is evidently moved by the deep wonder and beauty of his theme far more than by any consciousness of his own power to interpret it. As a natural result he works with an eye more single, and a purpose more noble and less personal. Doré's magnificent theatricalities astonish and startle, but, after some repetitions, grow stale and ineffective. There is too much of the personal Doré, and too little of the unconscious tone of the artist self-absorbed in the glory of his theme. Mr. Hunt lacks Doré's faculty of picturesqueness, and, in his extreme desire to work faithfully, somewhat insults his public by overwork—like a patient divine who, in the course of a sermon, explains every thing even to the verge of weariness. But the work which at first fails to impress grows slowly upon

the mind, until there is no line or tint which does not seem worthy of the labor bestowed upon it. There is no "irreverent taste or busy idleness" to be traced in the handling of any of his subjects. His method is that of the higher English intellect, slow, patient, faithful, and reverent. Perhaps the national difference of character could not be better illustrated."

In the following paragraph the *World* calls attention to an important but little-known American art-collection, which should be more accessible and better cared for: "In 1805 James Bowdoin, son of Governor Bowdoin, of Massachusetts, closed his services as United States minister to the court of Madrid, and removed to Paris, where he remained for three years. During this time he made a collection of paintings, ninety-one in number, which he brought to his home in Massachusetts in 1809. Two years later he died, and by his will the entire collection was left to Bowdoin College, which had been named for his father. The paintings remained stored in Boston for nearly half a century, were then put into the hands of restorers, with unhappy results in some instances, and, when these works were subsequently displayed upon the walls of the insufficiently-lighted wing of the chapel, where they still hang, the college first became aware of the fact that the Bowdoin collection contained undoubted originals of several masters, although, unfortunately, the catalogue which accompanied them was unsatisfactory in many particulars. This collection has never received the attention it really deserves, it being still comparatively unknown. In a paper on the subject, contributed by Professor Jotham B. Sewall to the *Art Review*, of Chicago, in 1870, he claims authenticity for the pictures, for the reason that, at the time the collection was made, 'the period in Europe was one of great disturbance, . . . and thus it is at once seen to be a probable thing that genuine pictures could be obtained.' Among the more striking of the works claimed to be originals are No. 46, 'St. Simeon with the Child Jesus,' thought by Gilbert Stuart to be an original Rubens; No. 33, 'The Governor of Gibraltar,' an original, by Vanduyck, as per catalogue; No. 2, 'The Equipment of Cupid,' by Titian, either a duplicate or copy, purporting to have come from the Grand-duke's Palace, Florence; No. 3, 'The Continence of Scipio,' which Gilbert Stuart pronounced an original or first-rate copy from Nicholas Poussin."

The Chateau of St.-Germain, now completely restored, contains perhaps the finest collection of Celtic prehistoric antiquities in Europe. The fruit of many years' excavations among the ruins of ancient Oppida, or the tumuli marking the spot of decisive conflicts between the Gauls and Romans, is now beautifully arranged and classified. To illustrate the historical section, there are beautifully-executed models of the monuments of each period, of the camps, fortresses, war-machines and implements, plans of attack and defense, bridges, boats, costumes, etc. M. Boucher de Perthes, the father of antediluvian archaeology, made a gift to the state of his unrivaled collections, illustrating the conditions and industries of prehistoric man. The collections in this Museum of National Antiquities may be classified in the following order: archæolithic period, or chipped-stone period; neolithic period, or period of polished stone; bronze period; iron period, or tumulus period; Celtic period; Gallo-Roman period; Merovingian period. The more primitive objects are flint axes, hammers, saws, knives, piercers, scissars, spear-heads; and the development of industry and civilization is demonstrated by the varieties and gradations following the polished-stone period, viz., arms, jewelry, seals, coins, medals, vases, statuettes in stone and bronze, potteries, bricks, specimens of painted mortar for the internal decoration of houses, epigraphic monuments, mortuary inscriptions, steles, up to a magnificent mosaic discovered in the ruins of ancient Augustonodum (Autun).—The chapel of the Chateau of St.-Germain, restored to its pristine splendor, is destined to preserve the traces of the origin of Christianity among the Gauls, and in it will be placed all the monuments calculated to enlighten art and science in regard to the progress of Christianity during the first seven centuries of our era.—The museum possesses a fine collection of models of the principal dolmens, menhirs, and cov-

ered ways of ancient Gaul, carefully reduced to the scale of one-twentieth; also of the great dolmen tumulus of Gavrinis, in Morbihan, perhaps the most remarkable and interesting of all known Druidic monuments.

Monsieur Em. Burnouf, principal of the French school at Athens, has recently communicated to the Minister of the Interior the result of the series of excavations made at the Bastion of Odysseus, situated at the foot of the hill on which the Acropolis was built. The staircase of Pan, in this bastion, forming fifty-one steps, is now completely disengaged. It traverses a more ancient bastion at a point regarded as one of the real and authentic entrances to the Acropolis, which entrance is simply a hole pierced in the massive wall. Workmen are now engaged making a new series of excavations outside the bastion, for the purpose of discovering the remains of the system for the distribution of water, anciently called Clepsydre; they will afterward continue excavating beneath the Bastion of Victory.

Several curious masks in *terra cotta* have recently been found in the cisterns of Malqua, near the ruins of ancient Carthage. Those masks are the first specimens discovered of "Ronde Bosse," belonging to Carthaginian art of high antiquity, and present numerous analogies to well-known specimens of Phœnician and Cypriote art. Monsieur Villefosse is about to make a series of extensive excavations on the Tunisian coast, in hopes of bringing to light many interesting vestiges and specimens of ancient Carthaginian art.

Monsieur l'Abbé Duchesne has recently communicated to the Secretary of the French Academy a new series of one hundred and forty Greek inscriptions, hitherto unpublished, discovered at the time when the ramparts of Salonica were demolished. The French Academy has provided funds for deciphering and publishing those inscriptions, which are said to be in the highest degree interesting.

Music and the Drama.

THE American public have been prepared to find in the advent of Mr. Toole on American shores an event of no little interest. Among our British cousins he is regarded as the representative comedian, no less versatile in his range than powerful in his specialty-acting. Expecting so much, it is not difficult to see that those who have heard Mr. Toole have been somewhat disappointed. This is not because his style as an artist is local, or that his more palpable appeals to sympathy hinge on peculiarities with which we are not socially familiar. So far as Mr. Toole has yet had a hearing, this reproach no more obtains than a similar one that might be hurled against Mr. Owens, Mr. Jefferson, or Mr. Clark, in England.

The measure of disappointment has not been so much in the man as in the special conception which had been formed of him. The public mind had been specially prepared for a broad, eccentric comedian, who, however wide his versatility, shone at his best in unctuous characters bordering on farce, who loved to dart off in swift sallies of the ridiculous, technically known as "gags," and affected rather what is coarsely comic and grotesque than the deep and subtle reaches of his art. It is not impossible that the popular forecast of Mr. Toole may yet be met in other characters of his repertory, but, in the impersonator of *Hammond Coote*, we recognize rather the art-brother of Dickens, Cruikshank, and Leech, than the pupil of a school which deals for the most part with mere surface risibilities.

While it is not easy for the American public to expand into a full sympathy with the circumstances which give life-likeness to Mr. Albery's play of "Wig and Gown," there

may be recognized in the central figure of it a character full of genuine humor and individuality. As a drama, there is little in it to recommend, as the action is simple and narrow, and all the parties painted in the palest, feeblest water-colors, except the principal. On this the dramatist has concentrated his purpose, and, while the play as a whole is a mere outline sketch, he has brought out the conception of the half-witted, blundering, but big-hearted and loving barrister with a fresh and wholesome sweetness of tone which suggests to us something of the feeling and handling of the great English humorist who has kept millions of readers quivering between a smile and a tear.

Let a few words about the play itself suffice for our purpose. *Hammond Coote* is a barrister who has not held a brief for three years, in view of his well-earned reputation for incorrigible stupidity and blundering. His shabby-genteel poverty is cursed with a vulgar and shrewish wife, who has little to condone her faults, except a genuine love for her husband, which occasionally crops out through all her coarseness.

At last, the barrister gets a brief with a retainer of fifty guineas in the suit of *Kenruetie vs. Kenruetie*. We are informed in the side-action of the play that this is managed through the trickery of the other side of the case, who wish to insure their own success by putting the defense in the hands of an incompetent person. The trial, which relates to the succession of a title and estate, comes on, and its earlier stage is signalized in a very ridiculous fashion by the foolish questions addressed to witnesses by our poor, stupid, confused barrister. At last, something is said which recalls to the lawyer a throng of his own early reminiscences. He is fired into a sudden spasm of power. He storms at the cowering witness, the most important for the prosecution, with terrible energy and directness, and finally proves that he himself is the true heir of the property.

The remaining portion of the drama occurs in *Kenruetie Manor*, and occupies itself with the half-childish intrigues of the newly-made and simple-minded lord to secure his vulgar wife's consent to the daughter's marriage with a lover who won her affections in the old humble days.

Mr. Toole enters into the spirit of his author with much delicacy and subtlety of appreciation; and so careful is his art that, even while most amused at the confused, aimless, stupid speeches and actions of the hero, the heart is made warmly to appreciate the pathos and sweetness that underlie the character. The scene in the court-room is admirably performed by the comedian, and the sudden transition from simplicity that barely escapes the idiotic to a daring and pungent force, that sweeps every thing before it, is quite startling in dramatic intensity.

Were it not for the reputation which comes with Mr. Toole, we should be disposed to rank him rather as a subtle and delicate character-actor than as a great comedian with a broad sweep of capabilities. He has so far shown himself the possessor of a sweet, genial, sympathetic powers as an artist, rather a master of the refinements and depths of humor than of its heights and breadths. Should he in other impersonations win the encomiums of the public, in the more popular and unctuous phases of comedy, he will indeed be entitled to the rank in which his countrymen have placed him. Mr. Toole will next appear for popular suffrage in the character of *Paul Pry*, which is likely to reveal a new side of his art.

A musical antiquarian, in a recent paper published in an English musical journal, furnishes some curious facts and speculations about Rouget de Lisle's immortal hymn, "La Marseillaise." It was not long since that an English magazine gave the history of the air of "God save the King," tracing it back to an old, forgotten opera, and thence in its essential form to a Gregorian choral.

The French national hymn is supposed by most to have had a spontaneous origin during the fierce ferment of the Revolution, and no little fine writing has been inflicted by Gallic enthusiasts on this generation in connection with it. The fact that any composer uses old material is not essentially hostile to his own originality or to the value of the new product. It is the form and impress of the circumstances of the age, the new spirit breathed in the old thought, that give it force and value. No genius, however great, but finds himself indebted to the past by wholesale appropriations from its rich storehouses. M. d'Avila, the student, who has been investigating the origin of the Marseilles hymn, finds it in the opera of "Raoul de Crequi," performed for the first time in Paris, in October, 1789, and claims that both words and music were suggested to Rouget de Lisle by passages in the opera. Save for the difference of key, it is urged that the concluding bars of the old opera were appropriated note for note, certainly a wholesale borrowing not altogether justified by the license we allow to genius. Old Nicolas Dalayrac, the composer, probably did not guess that his melody was to be transmitted to posterity in this new guise, and in the mean while play no small part in the helping along of one of the mightiest political upheavals of the world. The dialogued motives of the last part of the opera are said to be easily recognizable in the more declamatory parts of the hymn, particularly the modulations immediately preceding the choral outburst, "*Aux armes, citoyens!*" etc. In both themes there is an imitative movement. The operatic quartet says "*marchons!*" with the reply from the chorus, "*C'est l'enfermi.*" "*Marchons!*" says the national hymn of France, repeating in canon the same subject. M. d'Avila points out various well-defined musical analogies of the most forcible kind.

In regard to the words, there is also very considerable similarity, three frequently recurring words, that accent powerfully the rhythm of the music, being identical in both, "*marchons!*" "*aux armes!*" and "*sang.*" The opera of "Raoul de Crequi" dates from 1789, the "Marseillaise" from 1792. So there is every probability that Rouget de Lisle must have heard the former, particularly as all the new operas brought out in Paris were rapidly reproduced in Strasbourg, the residence of De Lisle. Even if it be true that Dalayrac, a now forgotten name, furnished the French enthusiast the musical frame and motive of his immortal ode, the fiery genius and passion which burn in this musical poem and lift it to such a height must have been in the soul of Rouget de Lisle alone.

The closing feature of the summer season at the Union-Square Theatre, a season otherwise dreary in the extreme, has been the appearance of Miss Charlotte Thompson in the drama of "Jane Eyre." Miss Thompson's version, on the whole the best of the many adaptations which have been made, was translated and altered by Mr. Alfred Ayres from the German play of Mme. Birch-Pfeiffer, and is entitled to the praise of being one of the cleverest translations of the kind, in literary

merit and clean-cut dramatic energy, at present on our stage. Miss Thompson's performance of the rôle of *Jane Eyre* is strong, quietly intense, and suggestive, though at times it lacks the roundness and finish of form which we expect in the best types of art. A certain picturesque irregularity is permissible in a conception like that with which Miss Brontë astonished her contemporaries, but it should be restrained by the laws of an art than which none is more exacting. The heroine has been very well sustained by an admirably-selected company, including Mr. Frederick Robinson and some of the best-known stock people of the Union-Square company.

A somewhat simple-minded writer in a recent number of the *Pall Mall Gazette* has the following about prima-donnas and benefits: "The position of the prima-donna has, for some time past, been a source of grave anxiety to her numerous friends. Too much, we are told, is made of her. For her every thing else is neglected; and managers are warned not to place their trust too exclusively in prima-donnas, lest some day they should find that, by sacrificing the whole of a part—the prima-donna's part—they have destroyed all interest in the opera as a consistent, well-proportioned work of art. It is, in any case, a remarkable fact that four special performances have just been given in honor of as many prima-donnas; whereas, no contralto, no tenor, no baritone or bass, has been thought worthy of any such attention. Among male singers the most admired is, doubtless, at this moment M. Faure, though it has not occurred to the manager of the Royal Italian Opera to associate M. Faure's name with any representation actually or nominally for his benefit. Of the numerous tenors who have appeared this season, there is not one whom the public go specially to hear as they go to hear the prima-donnas; nor, indeed, has any really attractive tenor come before the world since the retirement of Signor Mario. Neither the managers, then; nor any one else, are to blame in this matter. Prima-donnas are better artists than tenors, baritones, and basses; and their preëminence in the operatic troupe is not an affair of to-day, but has been a fact from the earliest times. It is only necessary to glance at a history of the opera to see that, for one favorite baritone, for two or three favorite tenors, there have been a dozen favorite prima-donnas. At times, a good deal of enthusiasm has been called forth by tenors; but tenors have never attained the supreme honor of causing such bitter animosities, such deadly feuds, as those which raged in England between the partisans of Faustina and of Cuzzoni; in France between the 'Marististes,' or fanatical admirers of Madame Mara, and the 'Todistes,' or fanatical admirers of Mdlle. Todil. Even now the comparative merits of Patti and Albani, of Tietjens and Nilsson, in the same parts, are discussed more warmly than those of Nicolini and Campanini, of Marini and Fancelli. If to the names of the four most popular prima-donnas it were desired to add two more, it would still be in the list of prima-donnas that we should have to seek them; and the chosen ones beyond doubt would be, at the Royal Italian Opera, Mdlle. Marmon; at Her Majesty's Opera, Mdlle. Singelli." To which the *Musical World* replies as follows: "The ingenious writer is evidently unaware that these so-called 'benefits' are not for the singers whose names are affixed to the bills, but exclusively for the managers. The time of *bona-fide* 'benefits' has long gone by."

M. Legouvé, in a recently-published letter, goes also about Scribe, the great librettist, whose name is so closely associated with so many of the greatest operas, as follows: "Scribe was no musician; he did not play any instrument; I do not think he could go through the easiest lesson of *sol-feggio*; and yet, he was a great musical inventor. What I mean is, that he was the first, and perhaps the only, man who possessed the talent of conceiving those dramatic situations which open up for music new paths, and which do not appear in all their worth unless they are accompanied by music. Such is the blessing of the daggers in 'Les Huguenots,' the grand scene in the church of 'Le Pro-

phète,' and the auction in 'La Dame Blanche.' Nothing could be more characteristic than the plan he adopted as the collaborator of a musician. He drew his inspiration from the musician, and inspired the latter in his turn. For every different musician he had a different kind of book. Auber's Scribe was not Meyerbeer's Scribe, and Meyerbeer's Scribe was not Halévy's Scribe. The individuality of each of these composers reacted powerfully on his own, and, so to speak, furnished him with a new imagination. He wrote them librettos after their own image. There is no doubt that, like all librettists, he sometimes mistook the address. Thus the comic opera of 'La Neige' was offered to Boieldieu before being consigned to the hands of Auber. But, as a rule, the nature of the composer's talent had a great deal to do with the creation of the libretto. It was for Rossini that he wrote 'Gustavus' and 'Guido et Geneviève,' and, whatever merits may exist in the score of 'Gustave,' we may safely assert that Rossini's imagination would have impressed upon it a more grandiose character. What Rossini especially regretted in this opera was the scene where the three conspirators draw lots for the name of the assassin. I may add that he said to me one day, in his bantering manner, and in his usual familiar language: 'Perhaps, after all, I should have mullied it, like my friend Auber; but,' he continued, taking a pinch of snuff, 'I am not convinced of the fact.'"

A London journal speaks of a distinguished English composer as follows, in its notice of the annual concert of the Royal Academy of Music: "The midsummer public concert for the exhibition of the students in the Royal Academy of Music, as composers, singers, and instrumental performers, is always an interesting event. Since 1823, when the institution was founded, it has materially assisted the progress of the art among us. That the system of instruction adopted by its promoters was legitimate, can hardly be denied. How otherwise explain the fact that so many professors, in every branch, have been sent forth, thoroughly educated, from its walls—each, in his or her particular sphere, contributing toward the advance of England as a musical country? We need not go into particulars, or specify the names of those who, brought up in the Royal Academy, have afforded unquestionable proofs of the excellence of its teaching. One name alone would answer all the purposes of argument—that of Sir Sterndale Bennett, now for some years 'principal' of the institution. The name of Bennett is as much honored in Germany as here— which the written and published testimonies of Mendelssohn, Spohr, and Schumann, are enough to prove. From a chartered boy in the Academy, he rose to the position he now so honorably occupies; and his last two works of importance—'The Woman of Samaria' and the *sonata* called 'The Maid of Orleans'—entitle him to rank among the most distinguished of living composers."

The following recognition of a very promising musical artist, known favorably in America by his singing in English opera last year, is taken from a recent number of a prominent musical weekly in London: "On Thursday, 'Faust' was performed at the Crystal Palace, the principal feature of interest being the first appearance of a new *Valentine* in the person of Mr. W. Carleton, a young singer who has been winning golden opinions in America as primo-baritone of the Kellogg Company. Mr. Carleton may be pronounced a decided success. His tall and graceful figure, good face, and manly bearing, made him the *beau idéal* of *Marguerite's* soldier-brother in appearance; and his acting was excellent, both in the scene where he defies the tempter *Mephistopheles*, and in the death-scene. Mr. Carleton's voice is a pure baritone of extensive compass and pleasing agility, ranging seemingly with perfect ease to the tenor G; and the music of *Valentine's* part was given with much care and taste. Mr. Carleton was warmly applauded after the first song, and called before the curtain after the death-scene."

Mr. Strakosch's last authoritative announcement, modifying somewhat his earlier programme, is as follows: The principal star will be the brilliant Mdlle. Albani, an American prima-donna, who is fast rising to a place in the musical zenith beside Nilsson and Patti. Mdlle. Heilbron, from the Ital-

ian Opera at Paris, and Mme. Polentini, from La Scala at Milan (for heavy dramatic parts), are the other principal sopranos. Mme. Maresi and Miss Cary are engaged. Besides the tenors Debassini and Devillier, hitherto announced, Sig. Carlo Carpi has been secured to sing the heavier tenor parts, the rôles so acceptably filled by Sig. Campanini last year. Signori Tagliapietra and Del Puente are the baritones, Fiorini and Sclara the bassi. Improvements in orchestra and chorus are promised. The repertory is certainly interesting. Besides the familiar stock-operas, we are promised Wagner's 'Flying Dutchman,' Gounod's 'Romeo and Juliet,' Marchetti's 'Ray Blas,' and Verdi's Requiem. 'Lohengrin' is to be put on the stage again—probably with Polentini as *Elsa* and Carpi as the *Knight*; 'Aida' will be repeated, with Polentini in the title rôle; and among the expected revivals are 'William Tell,' 'The Prophet,' and 'The Star of the North.' The opening night will be Monday, September 28th.

Mme. Patti has in her *répertoire* the following thirty-two operas, in all of which she has made a brilliant success: 'Lucia di Lammermoor,' 'Don Pasquale,' 'La Figlia del Reggimento,' 'L'Elisir d'Amore,' 'Linda di Chamouni,' 'Donizetti,' 'I Puritani,' 'I Capuletti,' 'La Sonnambula,' 'Bellini,' 'L'Ettole du Nord,' 'Les Huguenots,' 'Dinora,' Meyerbeer; 'Don Giovanni,' 'Nozze di Figaro,' Mozart; 'Il Barbiere di Siviglia,' 'Otello,' 'Semiramide' (at Homburg), 'La Gazza Ladra,' Rossini; 'La Traviata,' 'Il Trovatore,' 'Rigoletto,' 'Ballo in Maschera,' 'Ernani,' 'Luisa Miller,' Verdi; 'Martha,' Flotow; 'Les Diamants de la Couronne,' Auber; 'Faust e Margherita,' 'Romeo e Giulietta,' 'Giovanni d'Arc,' 'Mireille,' Gounod; 'Crispino e la Comare,' Ricci; 'Il Guarany,' Gomez; 'Emeralda,' Campana; 'Gelmira,' Poniatowski.

Miss Edith Wynne ('Eos Cymru,' the 'Welsh Nightingale,' as she is metaphorically styled by her admiring compatriots) was presented, at the last *conversazione* of the London and Welsh Choral Union, with a handsome testimonial to her artistic and private worth, in the shape of a diamond bracelet. Among the speakers on the occasion were Sir Watkin Williams Wynne, Messrs. Brinley Richards and John Thomas. Miss Edith Wynne is engaged to sing at the Royal Eisteddfod, held at Bangor, next month, and also at the Gloucester and Liverpool festivals.

A new opera by M. Anton Rubinstein will be produced shortly after the reopening of the Russian Opera-House in St. Petersburg. It is entitled 'The Demon.' The two stars next season at the Italian Opera will be Mme. Adelina Patti and Mme. Christine Nilsson, who have already signed with the manager, Signor Pollini. That gentleman, rumor proclaims, will pay each lady the trifling sum of two hundred and forty thousand francs for the season of four months.

It is asserted that M. Vieuxtemps has definitively resigned his post at the Conservatory, and that the nomination of M. Wieniawski as his successor is already signed.

Science and Invention.

THE general introduction into our hotels, dwellings, and business-houses, of the passenger-elevator, gives promise of results more favorable than the most sanguine inventor could have anticipated. The most notable of these results is rapidly becoming apparent in the decided change taking place in the style of recent architecture. A building—provided it contains an elevator—can now be erected as high again as formerly, and the once-despised upper floors are actually in demand, as being more healthful, and free from the noises of the street below. A second and literally more vital result following the introduction of the elevator is that bearing upon the health of the occupants of the houses where it is introduced. The men and women

of advanced years are aware that no exercise makes so great a tax upon their vital energies as the ascending of long stairways, and it will hardly be questioned that many of the more serious physical complaints are greatly aggravated by this extra exertion. As an offset to this great gain, however, we have to notice the pecuniary loss that must fall upon the real-estate owner, who now finds his customer satisfied with a twenty-five-foot lot where in the old days he needed fifty. With the form and general principles of the ordinary steam-elevator our readers are doubtless familiar, since they are simply an improved form of the common steam-hoistway, in which for the platform is substituted an elegantly furnished and upholstered room, with gas by night, and engraved glass windows by day. A recent and more novel contrivance for the same purpose is that known as the "water-balance elevator," now in successful use in many of the Western cities, and one of which is to be introduced into the new building of the Western Union Telegraph Company in this city. The *Manufacturer and Builder* gives the following description of this novel and ingenious machine: "Its motive power is the attraction of gravity, which is applied by means of an iron bucket twelve feet long, fitted like a piston into an iron tube two and a half feet in diameter, which extends along one side of the elevator-shaft from top to bottom. This bucket is equal in weight to the elevator, with which it is connected by wire ropes running over pulleys. To carry a load up it is only necessary to fill the bucket with water from a reservoir at the top of the building, which can be done by the conductor by pressing a pedal in the car connected by wires with the reservoir. The weight of the water causes the bucket to descend, and the car is thereby drawn upward. Stoppages are made by means of a break which clamps the rail upon which the car runs. In order to descend, the water is let out by the pressing of another pedal connected with a valve in the bottom of the bucket. To regulate the speed of the car, there is a tube passing through the bucket, provided with a valve at each end. As the bucket fits air-tight in the large tube, it can only rise or descend at a rate of speed proportioned to the rapidity with which the air can pass through the smaller tube, so as to get out of its way in front, and fill the vacuum created behind it. This is regulated by the valves. The points claimed in favor of the new elevator are smoothness and rapidity of motion. It is provided with safety-breaks closely resembling the breaks used in the Wilcox & Gibbs sewing-machine. The water has to be pumped into the reservoir by steam-power."

We recently had occasion to announce the action of the London Fishmongers' Society in contributing a fund for encouraging certain investigations into the anatomy of fishes. We now learn from *Nature* that "the Worshipful Company of Clothworkers has founded a 'professorship of Textile Industries' in connection with the Yorkshire College of Science, with a stipend of three hundred pounds a year and two-thirds of the students' fees. The stipulated qualifications for the post have just been announced. The selected candidate will be required to have a practical knowledge of all materials used in the woolen and worsted manufactures, and the selection of materials for special kinds of goods; to be able to give instruction in every department of weaving, including the practical handling of the loom; plain drawing, and analysis of patterns; to apply the laws of color to the production of col-

ored designs, and to finish colored designs on paper, prefiguring the woven fabric; to make all the calculations required in the manufacture of woolen or worsted goods; to explain and illustrate the processes of carding, combing, and spinning; and to give practical illustrations of scouring, fulling, and finishing. The chemistry of dyeing will be taught by the professor of chemistry. It will be a condition of appointment (*inter alia*) that the professor is to give lectures at stated times upon improved modes of manufacture at other of the chief towns connected with the cloth-working industry both in Yorkshire and the west of England."

As the unwise action of many of our own labor unions has forced the employers to organize, may we not hope that these latter will show their interest in their respective callings by a liberality like that above noted? Should this be the case, the act might bring about a better understanding between men and masters, by giving to the former opportunities for intellectual advancement, which is sure to be followed by a more reasonable line of action toward the employer.

An interesting archaeological discovery has recently been made at Friuli, anciently known as Forum Julii. A body of workmen, employed in repaving a square, came unexpectedly upon the foundations of some ancient walls, among the *debris* of which were mingled numerous fragments of mosaic, composed of marbles and colored stones. On further pursuing their researches, they came to a large flat stone, roughly hewn, on lifting which they discovered a stone sarcophagus, with marble cover of the usual Roman form. On removing the cover, there were discovered the remains of a skeleton, measuring six feet in length; a sword with ornamented wooden sheath; a spear-head; an iron helmet, with bronze ornaments, which had once been gilt; an iron buckler, which had once been covered with wood and leather; the remains of leather shoes, and embroidered garments, the gold thread of which was still perceptible; a Greek cross, gold-plated, and adorned with nine precious stones, between each two of which figured a well-executed saint's head; also gold rings, and *fibulas* artistically enameled. On the right foot of the skeleton lay a bottle, which, strange to say, was two-thirds full of pure water. All these antiquities were carefully collected and placed in the museum of Friuli, which already contains many other Roman antiquities. On carefully cleaning the marble top of the sarcophagus, the word "Sesul," written in characters of the first Lombard period, was plainly visible. This indication proves that the tomb contains the remains of Duke Sesul of Friuli, the nephew of King Alboin, who, according to Paul Diacre, was created a duke in 568, and was killed in battle by the Arvares in the year 615 of our era.

As a further contribution to our former "notes" on the number and causes of suicide, we present the following statistical information. In the last number of the *JOURNAL* we directed attention to the interesting fact that warm and dry seasons were regarded as favorable ones for the development of the suicidal mania. If this be the case, the climatic conditions of the countries given below may have somewhat to do with the number of suicides. The table records the fact that, out of one million inhabitants, 14 commit suicide in Spain, 32 in the United States, 43 in Belgium, 66 in Sweden, 69 in Great Britain, 73 in Bavaria, 94 in Norway, 109 in the grand-duchy of Baden, 110 in France, 123 in Prussia, 123 in Hanover,

155 in Oldenburg, 156 in Lauenburg, 159 in Mecklenburg, 173 in Holstein, 209 in Schleswig, 251 in Saxony, 288 in Denmark, 333 in Saxe-Altenburg.

It is furthermore observed that, of the previous occupation of these suicides, 9 per cent. belonged to the agricultural classes, 13 per cent. to the tradesman, 15 per cent. to the merchants, 22 per cent. to the professions, and the remaining 41 per cent. are classed as having no occupation.

At a recent meeting of the members of the French Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-Lettres, M. Vivien de Saint-Martin read a highly interesting paper, proving that the real site of ancient Troy (Iliou or Ilium) is at Bounarbaché, as demonstrated by Leconte de Lisle in 1785, and that the ancient city brought to light by the extensive excavations of Mr. Schliemann is no other than the city which was frequently destroyed and rebuilt by the *Æolians*, *Lydians*, etc., in the days of Lysimachus, Sylla, Augustus, and the *Cæsars*. According to M. Vivien de Saint-Martin, the city of Priam, destroyed by the Greeks under Agamemnon, was never rebuilt; and the discoveries of Mr. Schliemann, although of the greatest interest and importance for archaeological studies, afford no solution to the geographical question at issue.

This paper, read by M. Vivien de Saint-Martin, and intended for publication, is an important work of ancient history and geography, for which he has been accumulating materials for the last fifteen years.

The largest locomotive-engine in the world is said to be the Janus, now working on a coal-road in Pennsylvania. It was originally designed for service on the Union Pacific Railroad, and has four cylinders, 15 x 22 inches, and twelve drivers, 34 feet in diameter, and no other wheels. Its weight, when tanks and coal-bunkers are full, is eighty-four tons. The Janus was built at the Mason Machine Works, Taunton, Massachusetts. The only worthy rival to this monster locomotive is one on the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad, which has two cylinders, 20 x 26 inches, and twelve driving wheels, with a total weight of sixty-four tons.

Sir Joseph Whitworth's method of casting steel under pressure seems to have met with marked success. It is stated that five minutes after the application of pressure—about twenty tons to the square inch—a column of fluid steel becomes shorter by 12.5 per cent. (1½ inch to the foot). What the relative advantage of this change of structure may be remains to be fully demonstrated, and that opportunities are not lacking for these tests is certain, since they are in the hands of England's great "gun-founder."

During the meeting of the International Prehistoric Congress at Stockholm, it is the intention of the Swedish Government to open one of the tumuli of the ancient Swedish kings at Upsal. These tumuli are of immense sizes, being the largest known north of the Alps. Archaeologists expect that, in the course of these excavations, much additional light will be thrown upon prehistoric times.

As an incident to the study of the compressibility of gases, M. Cailliet has discovered that glass tubes will resist an outside pressure as high again as that which is sufficient to break them when exerted on the interior.

Contemporary Sayings.

THE "Table-Talk" editor of the *Gentleman's Magazine* is sure that "the types of men and women change in the passage of the generations." He thinks that, besides the evidences of observers, "the evidence of art, so far as art can help us, is equally good on this point. A group of ordinary every-day people by Hogarth would not match, in pure flesh and blood, apart from all contemporary accessories, a group of the present time, done by any artist whatsoever. Hogarth studied very closely the phases of low and vicious life. He knew how his fellow-countrymen looked in wickedness and in misery. So did Charles Dickens; and so does Mr. Flinders. But I do not think that Hogarth would recognize those 'dumb, wet, silent horrors, sphinxes set up against that dead wall' outside the casual wall, painted with so much faithfulness to the lineaments of the hour by Mr. Flinders in his picture recently on the walls at Burlington House. But Hogarth is not long ago, and I am not sure that we are not changing very rapidly. Take a strong example. I doubt if the great John Leech's hosts of charming English girls and matrons and men would be as absolutely true to the England of the present hour as to the England of twenty-five years ago, and Du Maurier's ever-recurring sweet woman's face, which seems one of the family with us, would have been in some degree a stranger when Leech was a young man. What, then, are the influences of events and customs upon us? How far are we at the mercy of sea and sky, changing climate, time of war, eras of peace, traveling and modes of traveling, new methods and materials of food? To all these we owe something, no doubt; but much more, I am inclined to believe, to the unceasing working of our mixture of races, the phenomena whereof never are and never can be complete."

The *Pull Mall Gazette*, in that tone of benign sarcasm and pathetic cynicism in which it has of late spoken of crimes and accidents, tells this little story: "An inquest of considerable importance to little boys was held in Birmingham, on Tuesday, on the body of a child named Dalby, killed by a stone thrown by another child named Reeves, aged nine years. It appeared by the evidence that Dalby went out of the house where he lived on Saturday last to play in the street. His amusements were, however, interrupted by a severe blow on the right eyebrow by a stone thrown by Reeves. So severe, indeed, was the blow, that little Dalby died in great pain on the following day, and a post-mortem examination revealed the fact that death had resulted from congestion of the brain, caused by the injuries inflicted by the stone. Another little boy, however, named Baker, who witnessed the occurrence, said that Reeves intended the stone, not for little Dalby, but for a boy 'who had been splashing him with water,' but whom, in aiming the missile, he unfortunately missed. The jury therefore returned a verdict of homicide by misadventure, and this verdict must be most gratifying not only to the boys of Birmingham, but also to the youthful population of London, who are frequently, when pelting each other with stones, unwarrantably remonstrated with by strangers having a morbid dread of being laid prostrate by a misdirected piece of flint or granite. The verdict in the case of young Dalby shows that boys who indulge in the sport of stone-throwing in the streets have no cause for apprehension if they happen to kill passers-by. It is only when a boy kills an intended victim that he is liable to punishment. It is, however, to be hoped that Reeves, and, indeed, all other little boys, will use sparingly the frightful privilege they enjoy, and not destroy more innocent persons than is absolutely necessary to give zest to their pastimes."

The wonder of the *Pull Mall Gazette* is much excited by a discussion thus described: "The 'celebrants'—we believe that is the technical term—of the services on Sunday last at St. James's, Hatcham, have been much wronged by the reporters for the daily press. So, at least, thinks 'the Sacristan,' who writes to the *Times* to correct the inaccuracies which are contained in the report of the services in question. The principal morning service was not 'a high celebration,' it was only 'a mass'—only 'what is technically known as a "missa cantata,"

the ceremonial of which," he adds regretfully, "is far less elaborate than what may be ordinarily witnessed at such churches as St. Alban's, Holborn." Incense "was only used three times" (the law, in other words, was only thrice violated) "during the service—viz., at the Introit, Offertory, and Consecration—so can hardly be said to have been used "freely from the beginning to the end." Eight torches, and not seven, were held before the altar during the consecration prayer. The choir did not consist of "at least one hundred robed choristers," but "of seven men and thirteen boys—in all, twenty." The procession did not close the service, but commenced it, and five, not six, banners were used. "I presume by "solemn vespers," concludes the writer, becoming suddenly and scrupulously deferential to the rubrics, "your informant means the ordinary Evening Prayer, to be found in the Book of Common Prayer, which was the service used in the evening without curtailment or addition." Such is the "correction" offered by 'the Sacristan' of the report of the Sunday antics at his church. Is it serious, or is the writer secretly imitating 'the Sacristan' in the 'Ingoldsby Legends,' who

... did nothing say expressive of a doubt. But pressed his thumb against his nose, and spread his fingers out?"

The *Tribune* comments as follows, and with much justice, on a matter that has recently caused some discussion: "Some time ago the publishers of Webster's Dictionary permitted themselves to be persuaded by Mr. Solomon, a very respectable Hebrew bookseller in Washington, to tamper with the text of their great work by striking out one of the definitions given to the word 'Jew,' explaining an opprobrious sense in which that word had been used for centuries in English literature. Next came a request in the interest of Catholics to cancel the opprobrious sense in which the word 'Jesuitical' has been used nearly as long. By this time the publishers seem to have got their eyes opened. The business of a maker of definitions in a dictionary is not to save people's feelings, but to tell what words mean, and in what senses they are used in literature and life. It is not their fault that it has become an English idiom to speak of 'Jewing' down a tradesman, or that the word 'Jesuitical' has become nearly a synonym for hypocrisy. These are the facts, and it is their business to record them. When they quit doing it, they quit publishing an honest dictionary, and the people who want one must go elsewhere."

It is very odd—the different ways in which people look at things. Now comes Mr. King and tells us, in the September number of *Scribner's Monthly*, that the negroes in the South are the laziest and most hopelessly indolent of mortals; that they may be seen "slouching all day, from sun to shade, from shade to sun, living on garbage and the results of begging and predatory expeditions—a prey to any disease that comes along, and festering in ignorance. Some of them have been trying agriculture, and have given it up in disgust, because they do not understand farming, and there is no one to teach them." All of which hardly gains full possession of our mind when Porte Crayon, in the September *Harper's*, states with equal clearness that, "while his educated white brother is still muddling in politics, or vainly dreaming of some legislative protection against the 'want that cometh like an armed man,' the negro has quietly shouldered his hoe, and resumed the practice of all those little arts which he had acquired in his passage through the valley of humiliation." And, finally, that "the possession of all these simple and hitherto despised occupations has assured him a living, with some ready money to spare, and has left him master of the situation."

The pompous and sounding review has not yet died out in England. Surely, the days when critics swamped and buried the unhappy author in a series of sentences which rivaled the periods of Burke could hardly have produced a more stupendous and overwhelming style than this from the *British Quarterly*, on Farrar's "Life of Christ": "Affluent as has been the Christological literature evoked by Strauss's first 'Leben Jesu,' and manifold as have been its forms, there was room for the kind of biography that Dr. Farrar has here supplied. Discarding all prolegomena, and restricting his collateral matter to notes and an appendix of

excurses of some fifty pages, Dr. Farrar simply tells the great Gospel story, addressing himself to the popular rather than to the learned mind." If the last clause is true, how very lucky that the learned doctor didn't take any leaves out of the *British Quarterly's* example of plain English style!

Dr. J. G. Holland, though, of course, he "approaches the subject with abundant reverence for the time-honored estimate of its usefulness, and only with a wish for the advancement of its efficiency as an agency for spiritual culture," nevertheless does not believe in what he calls "the average prayer-meeting," of which he speaks as follows: "That it is in any respect the boon that it should be, to the hundreds of thousands who attend upon and participate in its exercises, no one pretends. That it is the laziest and most nearly impotent of any of the agencies employed by the church, in perhaps two cases out of every three, is evident to all."

The Record.

A WEEKLY RETROSPECT OF EVENTS.

AUGUST 15.—Collision on the Trenton Railroad, in New Jersey, between a coal-train and the train carrying an excursion-party of the Society of American Mechanics; four men killed and nineteen wounded.

The Cheney-Whitehouse ecclesiastical jurisdiction case in Chicago decided in favor of the Low-Church party.

AUGUST 16.—Advices that Holland, Italy, and Belgium, have recognized the Spanish Republic.

AUGUST 17.—The people of Georgetown, S. C., request Federal aid in the troubles between the negroes and whites of the region about them; their request refused by General McDowell.

The Supreme Court decides that the city of New York is liable for its share (\$350,000) of the railway improvements on the upper part of Fourth Avenue, and directs the mayor to sign the warrant for that sum.

AUGUST 18.—Election in Ohio on the adoption of the new constitution for the State; constitution defeated.

AUGUST 19.—Advices of the determination of China to declare war against Japan if the latter does not remove her troops from Formosa within ninety days.

AUGUST 20.—The Duke Descazes announces that France will delay its recognition of the Spanish Republic until the form of recognition to be used by other states shall be settled.

Notices.

WE CALL THE ATTENTION OF

our readers to the advertisement of Zero Refrigerators, on second page. We agree with the assertion of its manufacturer, Mr. Lesley, that it is "the best food and ice keeper in the world," and recommend it to our friends.

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